FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY YEAR

February 9, 1974

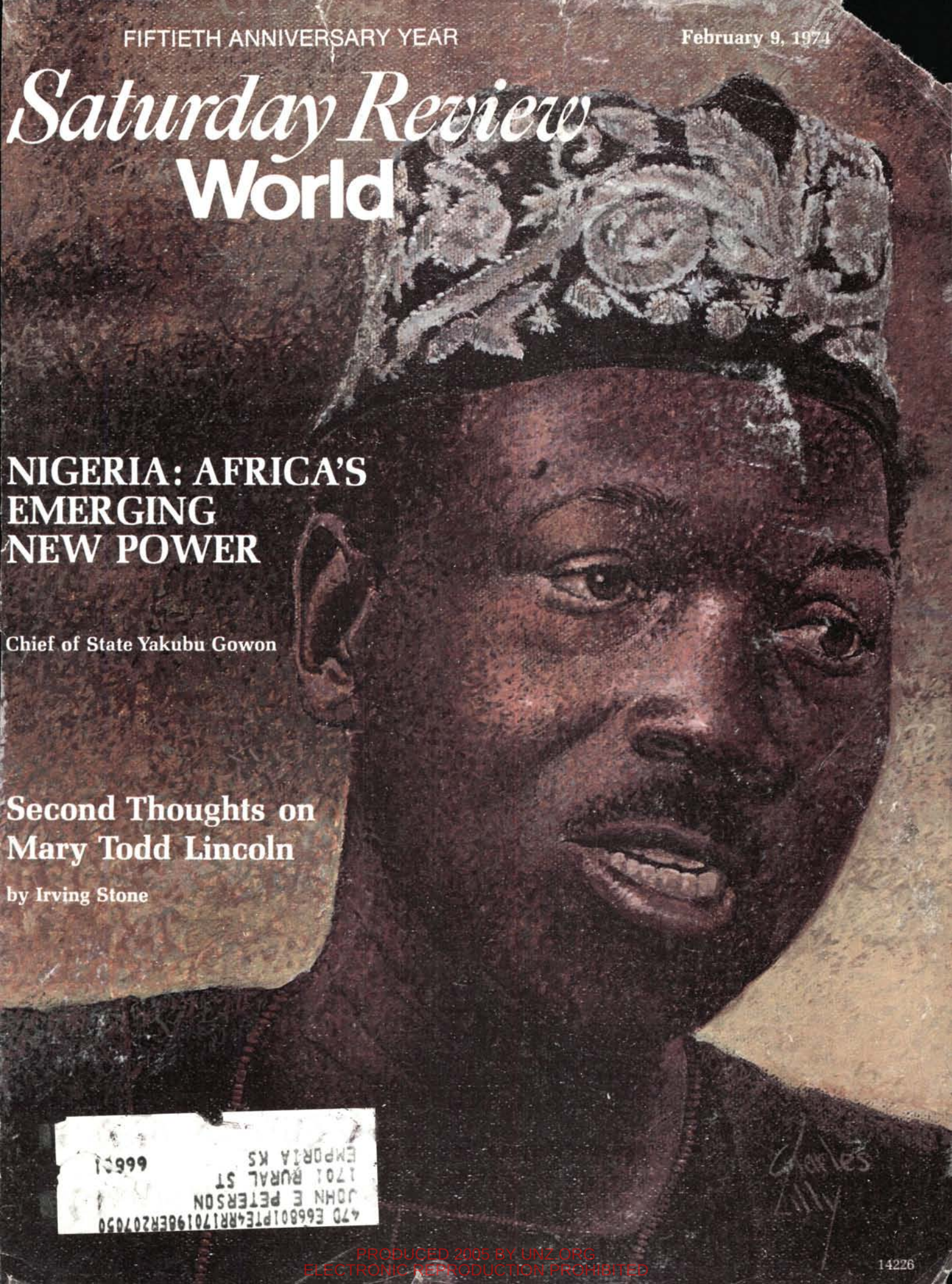
Saturday Review World

NIGERIA: AFRICA'S EMERGING NEW POWER

Chief of State Yakubu Gowon

Second Thoughts on Mary Todd Lincoln

by Irving Stone



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We'd like you

"The amount of energy locked up in a single piece of coal is incredible. We must waste no time putting it to use."

E. L. Wilson, Manager, Pilot Plant Operations, Synthetic Fuels Research Division, Exxon.

Coal is one form of energy America has in abundance. In fact, this nation has more coal than any other country in the free world. We have mined only 10% of what we have. More than 400 billion tons of commercially extractable coal are still in the ground.

In terms of the energy this coal contains, it outweighs our oil and natural gas put together. Experts estimate that at the present rate of coal consumption, our reserves could last about 250 years.

Exxon is working on ways to expand the use of coal. We are developing methods which may let America burn more of her vast reserves of high-sulfur coal without violating standards set for air and water quality. We are also developing economical ways to turn coal into gas and oil.

Gas made from coal.

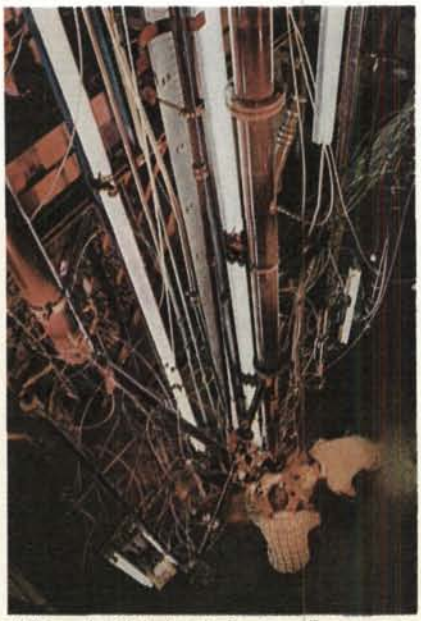
Chemically speaking, coal is similar to both natural gas and crude oil. All three are products of decayed plant or animal matter compressed into hydrocarbons over millions of years.

For years commercial plants have been gasifying coal, producing a low-energy fuel for domestic and limited industrial use. But this gas is expensive to produce, and the available processes have not been commercially proved on certain American coals.

For several years, Exxon has been developing a process to gasify the different types of American coal. Today at a pilot plant in Baytown, Texas, we are perfecting that process. High-sulfur coal from the Midwest and low-sulfur coal from the Rocky Mountain States are both being converted into raw gas.

We hope our gas will be less expensive to produce, bringing closer the day when synthetic gas can be made commercially from a wide variety of American coals.

Ten years from now, we expect plants, each producing 250 million cubic feet of synthetic gas a day, will be operating. Each of those plants could meet Cleveland's present gas needs.



At Exxon's pilot plant in Baytown, Texas, various American coals are being converted into cleaner-burning synthetic gas.

Oil and gasoline made from coal.

During World War II most of Germany's planes and tanks ran on gasoline made from coal. But the problems were high cost and a relatively small yield of hydrocarbon liquid.

Now, Exxon is developing a coal liquefaction process which promises to be more efficient and less expensive than the World War II process. It also would be more flexible and reliable than other processes now being developed.

So, at another pilot plant in Texas we are converting low- and high-sulfur coal into synthetic crude oil. This oil can be refined into gasoline and other products with today's technology.

Sulfur: A major problem.

The largest potential user of coal today is industry, especially our nation's electric power plants.

Unfortunately, coal from most mines in our Appalachian and Midwestern states contains a lot of sulfur. When burned, it pollutes the air with sulfur oxides. This is a key reason why coal has not been more widely used in recent years.

Sulfur: Two possible solutions.

Exxon is now working on two processes to solve the sulfur problem.

One, being devised for the U.S. Government, would reduce the formation of sulfur oxides *while* the coal is burning.

The other process is being devel-

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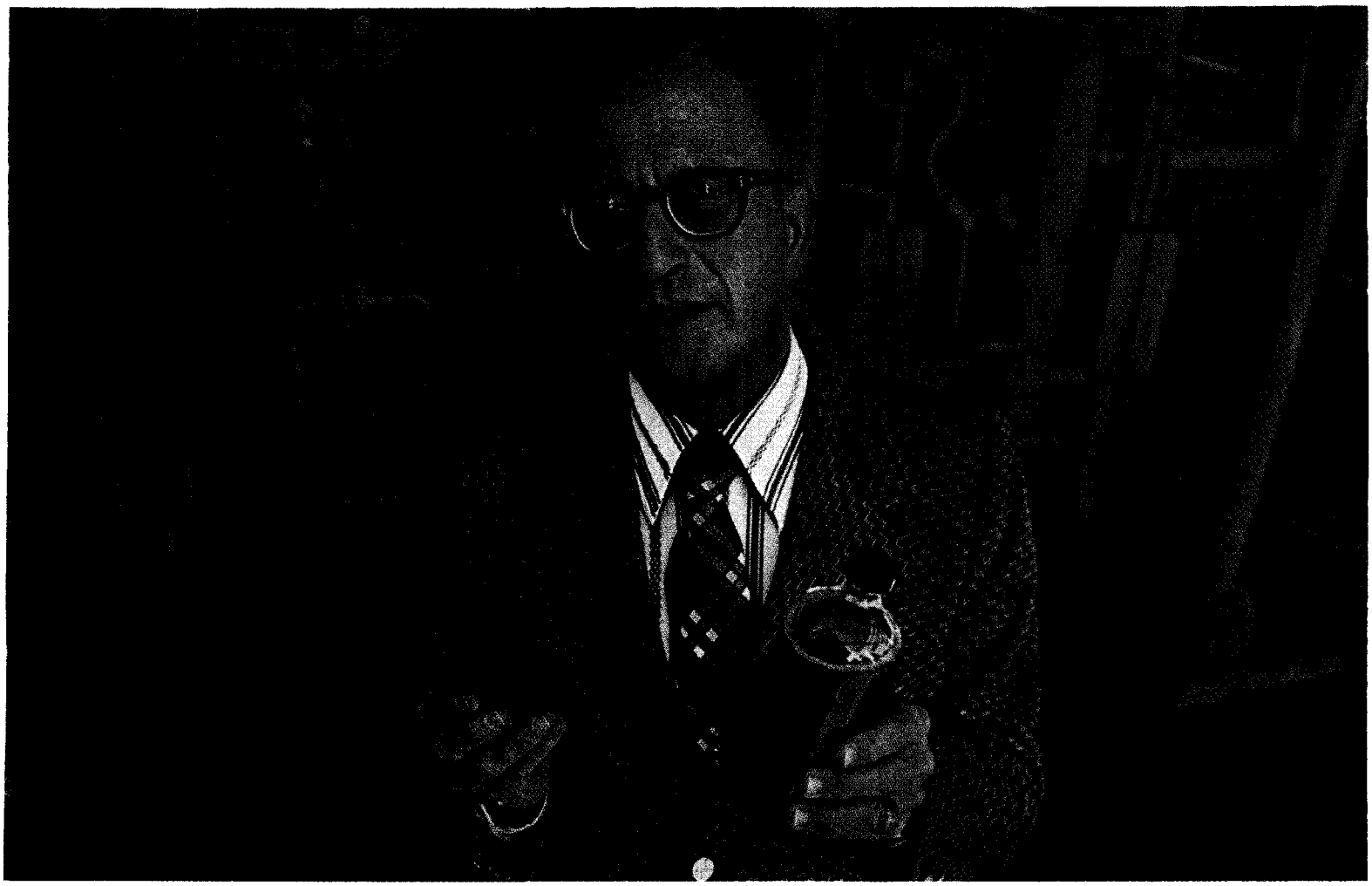
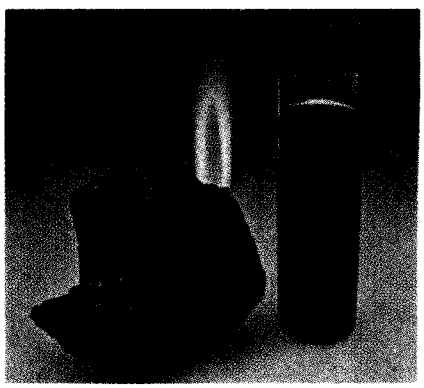
to know



E. L. Wilson holds a piece of high-sulfur coal from Exxon's Monterey mine in Illinois, and a bottle of synthetic crude oil made from this type of coal. This oil can be refined into gasoline and other products.

oped with a major power plant builder and several electric utilities. It would remove most of the sulfur oxides from the flue gas *after* combustion but before the gas escapes from the stack.



Heat and pressure applied in the right way can convert a 4-pound piece of coal into about 1 quart of synthetic crude oil or about 32 cubic feet of synthetic gas.

When these processes—or others like them—prove commercially successful, they will enable industry to burn much more coal, freeing large quantities of oil and natural gas for other uses.

Coal's future.

The long-range success of Exxon's gasification, liquefaction and desulfurization projects depends on improving the technology and getting the costs down. As these problems are solved America will need more and more coal.

Last year, U.S. coal mines produced 603 million tons. If coal is to play a key role in filling the energy gap, production will have to more than double by 1985, and continue to increase rapidly thereafter. This means that environmental questions, primarily those of strip mining, must be resolved.

Exxon has already invested tens of millions of dollars in coal conversion and desulfurization research. In the years ahead we plan to spend many times this amount.

Coal is one of America's most important natural resources. We must waste no time putting it to use.

EXXON

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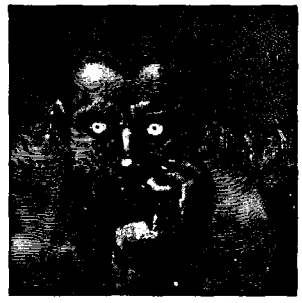

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A Rendezvous With Infinity

The phenomenon of human beings pioneering in the cosmos once again raises questions about life on other planets.

Perhaps the best way to unshackle the mind for such musings is to begin by recognizing that infinity converts the possible into the inevitable.

Infinity applies both to space and time. Given infinite time and infinite space, anything that occurs at one place or at one time in the universe is bound to occur elsewhere. Another way of saying this is that the possible becomes the inevitable whenever there are no limits on laws of chance. The principle of exclusivity has no standing in the cosmos.

The solar system is not unique. Nature shuns one of a kind. It is unreasonable and unscientific to say that throughout the numberless celestial systems there are no other planets which support life in advanced form. If this idea is difficult to accept, all we have to do is to enlarge our idea of infinity by as many billions of planets as may be required to accommodate the belief that highly differentiated life forms exist—or even abound—in the universe.

Cramped notions of infinity, however, tend to constrict speculations about the cosmos, and we fail to ask the primary question. The primary question is not, Where did life come from? The primary question should be, How did the conditions of life originate? How did they come together in vital confluence? Life is forced into being by the interaction of these precise and exquisite conditions. So long as this interaction continues, life is inevitable. Infinity supplies a stage for inevitability.

Once the life process begins, the development into highly differentiated forms is as natural as the process itself. There is no shortage of theories—the Darwinian theory being one of them—to explain the gradual, or at times abrupt, differentiation of life. Differentiation is the product of its conditions. This is as true throughout the universe as it is on earth.

The human mind, however, has found it difficult enough getting used to the idea that we are not at the center of all things without having to adjust to the certainty that life in advanced form may exist on planets beyond number. The first big jolt to the collective ego came when Copernicus discovered that the earth was not the hub of the cosmos. Even after we had adjusted to the Copernican reality, we persisted in believing that the main purpose of the universe is to serve human life. Now we must make our peace with the fact that, though we may be superbly endowed as a species, we are not one of a kind.

We need not feel diminished by these ideas. The process of growing up as a cosmic species is different from the process of growing up as an individual. We come of age as sentient creatures when we accept the fact that the universe is not constructed for our particular benefit or convenience. Far from feeling spurned or shrunken, we can have an enlarged sense of privilege over our place in the total scheme of things. A great adventure opens before us. We have new worlds to contemplate. We have new connections to make. The rendezvous with infinity becomes us. As we enlarge our sense of the cosmos, we enlarge our consciousness. We extend the reach of mind. We learn more about our potentialities.

In a relative sense, life is still rare enough to console the most inflated earth-minded ego. But what is important about life is not that it may or may not be rare or unique. What is most important is that, whatever its frequency in infinity, life is infinitely precious.

It is precious because of what it is, not because of any universal prevalence.

It is precious because the human mind can contemplate its relationship to the universal order. We do not have to experience infinity in order to encompass it.

Life is precious because we have access to the phenomenon of cause and effect. We are able to create our own causes and shape our own effects. We can dwell on the experience of past lives and thereby enhance our own.

Life is precious not because it is perfectible but because the human mind can comprehend the idea of perfectibility. There are no limits to the fineness of human sensitivities. These sensitivities respond to the good, the true, and the beautiful.

Life is precious because humans can do things for the first time. We can create in ways we have never created before. We can do the impossible.

Finally, nothing about human life is more precious than that we can define our own purpose and shape our own destiny.

We justify the gift of life in many ways—by our awareness of its preciousness and its fragility; by developing to the fullest the sensitivities and potentialities that come with life; by putting the whole of our intelligence to work in sustaining and enhancing the conditions that make life possible; by cherishing the human habitat and shielding it from devastation and depletion; by removing the obstructions in our access to, and trust in, one another.

The celebration of life is the most natural business on earth. N.C.

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Letters From Readers

One Man's Hope

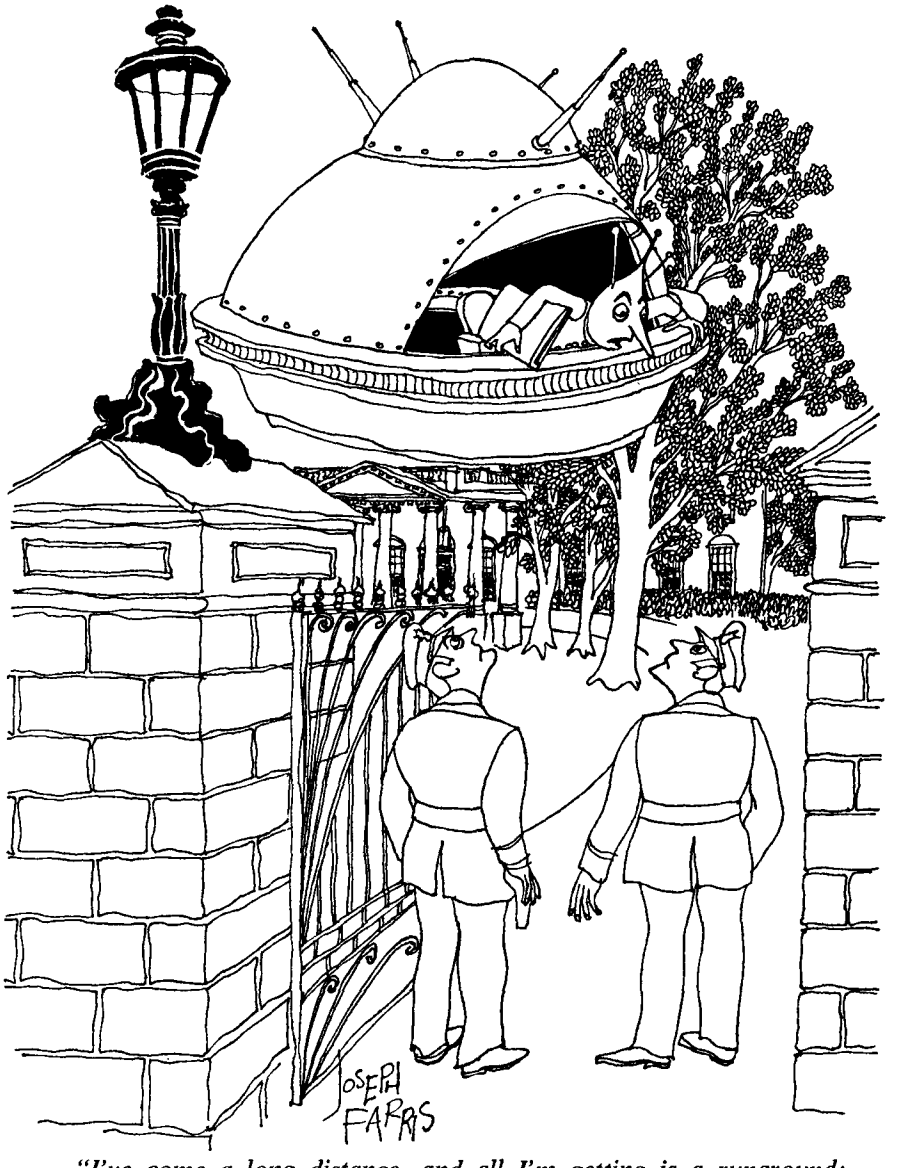
Stewart Alsop's story of his fight with leukemia ("Stay of Execution," December 18) hit home since I, too, am fighting what has been termed incurable cancer. I am somewhat younger than Mr. Alsop—forty-six.

I was shocked to read Mr. Alsop's opinion that chemotherapy is the road to death. In my case it has kept me alive, and I have improved to the point of regaining some eight pounds of the twenty-odd I lost (out of 155 pounds). My well-being is vastly improved, and I would like other victims of cancer to know that this is so, for their own peace of mind. I am well aware that my body may rebel against the chemotherapy from one day to the next, but for the time being, it keeps me alive and reasonably well functioning.

Far from wanting to keep my children away while I am in the hospital, I found that their visits were the high point of the day for me. I found it very hard to tell them, though, that I had cancer and that I might not be around much longer. However, I think the inability of youth to conceive of death is shielding them to a certain extent from the reality of the situation.

The hardest adjustment for me has been to live without a future. I find that my planning is on a short-term basis, and right now my next goal is my daughter's graduation from junior high school in June. If I make that successfully, I will aim for my two sons' graduations from MIT and high school, respectively, in 1975. Beyond that, the future is a blank. If I am lucky, the chemotherapy will keep me alive that long, and perhaps someone will come up with a new treatment in the interim. I hope for, but don't really believe in, such luck. . . .

Frank R. Schwarz
Baldwin, New York



"I've come a long distance, and all I'm getting is a runaround; I went to San Clemente and he wasn't there; I went to Key Biscayne and he wasn't there; I went to Camp David and he wasn't there. I come here and he isn't here. For heaven's sake, where is he?"

In Defense of Guernica

I am the New York attorney mentioned in Roger Williams's article ("Was Picasso Duped?" November 20) and one of the contributors to Prof. Jeffrey Hart's Guernica symposium published in *National Review* on August 31, 1973.

The heart of the Guernica myth remains the ill-founded belief that "the Germans destroyed Guernica as a pioneering experiment in terror bombing a defenseless civilian population."

In my essay on Guernica, I showed that the attack was not an experiment in terror bombing but was in fact directed against legitimate military objectives and did strategically support the advancing land forces. I also showed that Guernica was not, as frequently asserted, an open town. By definition, an open town is an undefended town that is spared bombardment only because it is "open" and enemy troops can occupy it without resistance. By contrast, the town of Guernica was bitterly defended. Lastly, I said that there is persuasive evidence that the Basques themselves participated in the destruction, as they had previously done in Irún and other towns.

It is probable that Picasso sincerely believed that the Legion Condor had committed a major atrocity in Guernica. Indeed, the Nazis gave us, before and after, many examples of genuine atrocities. The bombardment of Guernica, however, was not one of them.

Alfred M. de Zayas
Woodside, New York

(Continued on page 6.)

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Male Maelstrom

Approaching storm indeed! Any valid points Louis Berg may have made, such as the unreasonable demands made by some extremists in the women's movement, are completely overshadowed by his condescending, almost snide tone ("Man and the Liberated Woman," November 6). His comments about homosexuality, marriage, the nature of woman, and the nature of man vitiate his passing acceptance of the principles of equal pay for equal work and restructuring of the traditional home and family arrangement.

Men, according to Mr. Berg, are totally worthless for any purpose other than fertilizing eggs to reproduce the species. Women, "harridans" who would make men into insectlike drones, should not "meddle in what are primarily male concerns." Mr. Berg never tells us what those concerns are. He implies that the only way men can be worth anything is by keeping women in their present subservient, mostly powerless position.

If I were a man, I certainly would not want Louis Berg speaking as a representative of my sex. As a woman concerned with *human* liberation, I am disgusted by such a childish, insulting article.

Joan Ehrenreich
Ardmore, Pennsylvania

Louis Berg replies:

There has been a flood of letters, turgid with abuse, in protest against my review of Steven Goldberg's and George Guilder's books on the women's liberation movement. I do not believe in answering hate mail but have elected to reply to Joan Ehrenreich, whose letter was, believe it or not, relatively moderate—you should see some of the names they called me—but who shared with the other correspondents a total misreading of what I wrote. Nowhere did I say or imply that women should be kept in a state of subservience. Nor did I write that men are totally worthless save to supply the sperm for procreation. What I did say was that the "harridans"—you should have heard some of them on the David Susskind programs!—would, if they had the power, reduce the male sex to that dronelike function.

I am sorry that Ms. Ehrenreich found my review insulting. I meant to be jocular; if I sounded patronizing, I apologize. I can assure my readers that I entertain nothing but respect for the intelligence and capabilities of the opposite sex, when they choose to exercise either. . . .

I don't understand what the fuss is about. In all other directions, it seems to me, women are liberated, in bed and out. Some of their further demands leave me cold. Why do some women find climbing telephone poles, for example, more uplifting to the spirit than raising children? Why do they seek to invade the fields of sports competition with men, where they are obviously—until a new race of Powerful Katinkas is created—disadvantaged by nature? I stand only five feet, four inches, and though I was a fair shot at basketball in my youth, it never occurred to me to try out for the Celtics.

The turn things have taken cannot be arrested, and I have no fancy for the role of a male Mrs. Partington, who, as Sydney Smith told the story, tried to sweep back with her broom the Atlantic Ocean when, during a terrible storm and high tide, it invaded her living room.

I intended only to predict that the advocates of unisex and the new male-female relationship may find it in the end neither pleasing to themselves nor good for society.

"It's nice, but I'm mainly interested in early American antiques."

Learning to Love Books

Commenting on paperbacks, William Cole notes that "kids don't notice the difference" (*Trade Winds*, December 4). It certainly is an excellent idea to have paperbacks available. Because of economic considerations, that is sometimes the only way a child can have his own books. But children should have some high-quality books, too. They need the experience of handling and reading beautiful books in order to develop appreciation and respect for them. That's how they learn to "notice the difference."

Angela McEwan
Irvine, California

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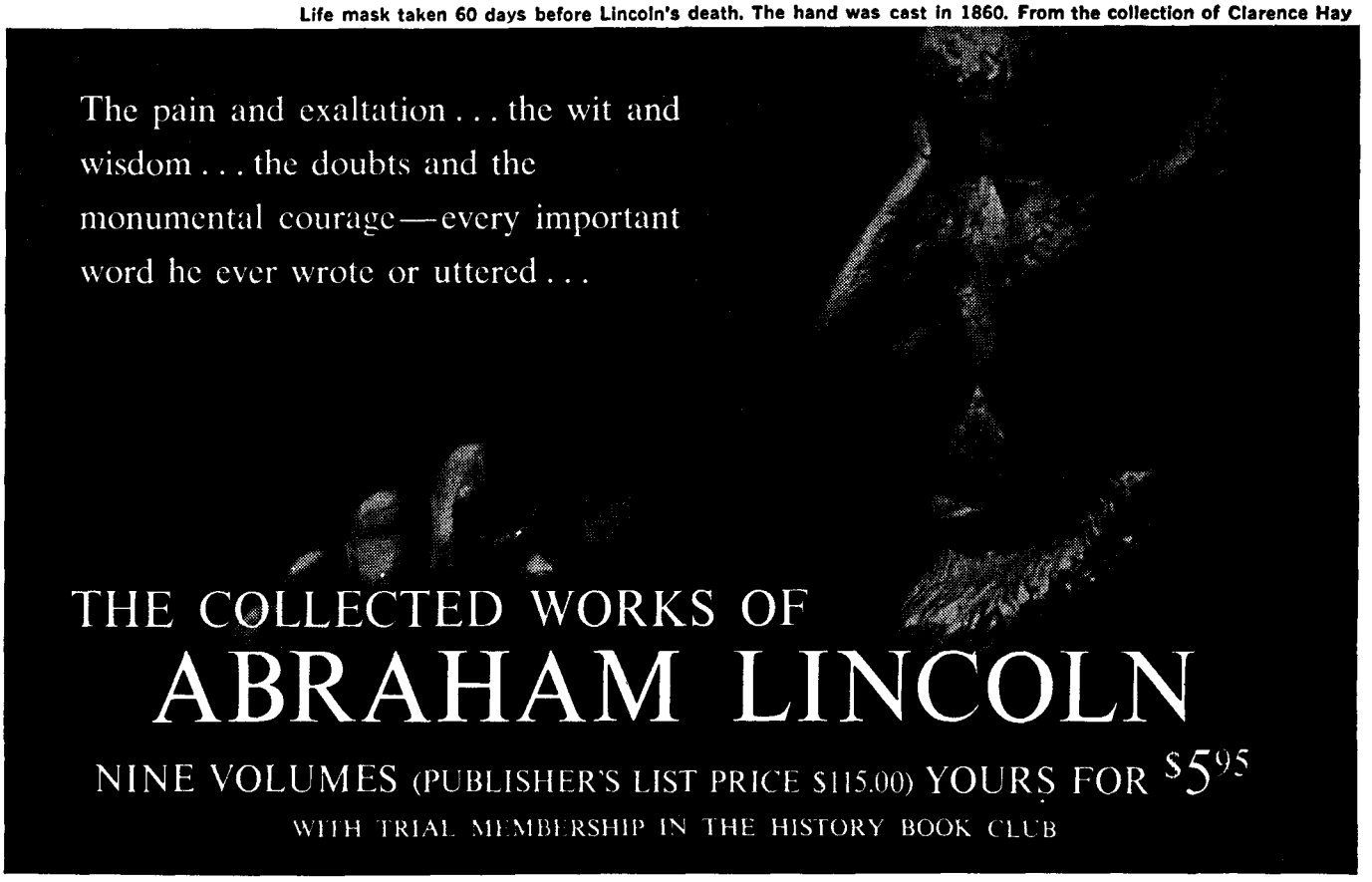
Life mask taken 60 days before Lincoln's death. The hand was cast in 1860. From the collection of Clarence Hay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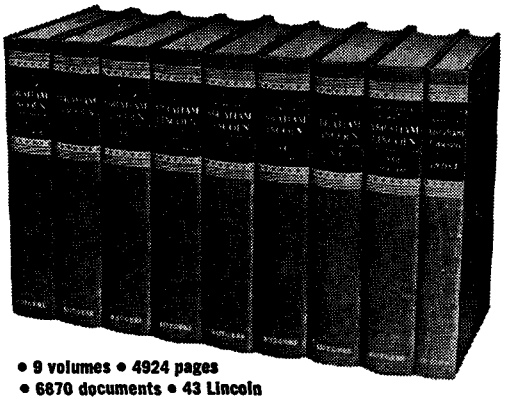

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World Progress Report

Money Without Sex

According to a recent change in federal policy, a woman's money is as good as a man's. The Federal Home Loan Bank Board decreed last December that savings-and-loan institutions can no longer refuse to approve mortgage loans purely because they are secured by a woman's earnings. The regulatory board noted such discrimination is "contrary to . . . constitutional provisions which guarantee equal protection of the law." Because they weigh most heavily on minority families, which are disproportionately dependent on the incomes of female members, the board noted that men-only mortgage policies "may additionally result in racial or ethnic discrimination."

The board's decision was the result of a three-year campaign by a coalition of thirteen civil-rights organizations protesting that at the bank women were accorded "second-class status." The board's own survey confirmed the validity of the complaint: Sixty-four percent of the institutions polled reported that they considered the marital status of loan applicants, while fully one quarter admitted that they did not even consider the income of a working wife in judging mortgage-loan applications. In Washington, D.C., more than 25 percent of the lending institutions confessed to discrimination against women. The federal board put the banks on notice that such discrimination "will cause some applicants to be denied financing without a realistic analysis of their credit worthiness."

Power Play

Encouraged to innovate by the increasing shortage of fuel in the United States, a group of nine major electric-power companies has teamed up with Pratt & Whitney, a division of United Aircraft, to make electricity out of thin air. Their generator will be a fuel cell—a sort of super-battery—invented in England more than a century ago but bypassed until now for large-scale power production in favor of coal and oil. The fuel cell will produce DC power from the chemical reaction of hydrogen and oxygen. Passed through an inverter and a transformer, the power emerges as AC at a usable voltage.

For an initial investment of $42 million, the group hopes to design a fuel cell with a capacity of 26,000 kilowatts, enough to "turn on" a city of 20,000 people without any noise or air pollution. The utilities have already placed provisional orders for fifty-six of the new units to supplement or back up their existing conventional generating systems.

Lowering the Boom

In England the city of Leeds may inadvertently elevate local musical taste by lowering the sonic boom on hard rock. The City Council has decreed ninety-six decibels as the upper limit for amplified music, for fear that its young people will suffer lasting hearing loss from the mind-blowing din. The council noted that the British Department of Health recommends protective earmuffs for workers putting in eight hours in a ninety-decibel environment. At ninety-six decibels—four times as much noise—the government limits exposure to two hours.

At the University of Leeds, however, there were complaints that the restrictions may mean an end to campus concerts, which tend toward the clamorous. One spokesman noted that almost all pop groups exceed the ninety-six-decibel level. One popular ensemble hits 125 decibels—presumably above the level of human endurance, much less mental health. Elton John, the current craze, has announced that he will bypass Leeds rather than lower his volume. Anyone for string quartets?

The Price of Progress

From the fastness of the Amazon basin in Brazil comes word that the native population is succumbing to a rare disease: measles. At least four Indians died last November, while many more were already showing symptoms of the disease. The isolated jungle people, with no previous exposure to measles, lack the built-in resistance that prevents the common childhood illness from doing more damage in the rest of the world. The carriers of measles to the Indians are not insects or ill winds, but workers on BR-80, one of the roads in a new system the Brazilian government is pushing through the jungle to bring the fruits of progress to the primitive back country.

ANTHONY WOLFF

"I love Renoir. He tells it like it is."

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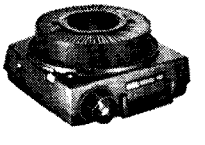

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Top of My Head

by Goodman Ace

Hail, Hail, the Gang's All Here

While the folks at the White House have been happily editing, revising, and erasing their tapes for a forthcoming Christmas album entitled *Silent Night,* former government employees now out of high office are experiencing difficulty adjusting to a powerless life.

They meet regularly en masse every week at the unemployment office to collect their meager checks. Having suffered a common adversity, a sort of camaraderie has developed. Meeting there is the highlight of their week.

Although a few of them were not fired, their disenchantment with the administration caused them to be resigned to being fired. A small technicality that will not abort this column.

"Hello, Melvin," says John Love. "Got here kinda late today."

"Well," says Mr. Laird, "I happened to pass a plant that manufactures fireworks. Boy, those explosives are dangerous. Someone could get killed. And everybody hollers when the Pentagon railroads a few cars of new, improved non-habit-forming nerve gas. How've you been, John?"

"Well, the man in charge here is not friendly. Last week he asked me what work I'd been doing. I told him I was once governor of Colorado, but after eight years somebody talked me into quitting that job and becoming czar of the energy crisis. I was there five months. Now the guy says, 'Can't hold a job, huh?' And I said to him, 'Just a minute, you can't rationalize like that.' And he told me he'd have to investigate my case."

"Well, John, *rationalize* was an unfortunate choice of a four-syllable word. Hey, here comes Haldeman. What on earth has he done with his hair?"

"Yes, Mel, he's changed a lot since he let his hair down."

"Haha. Hello Bob. How you been?"

"I've been bothered, if you want to know the truth," says Mr. Haldeman.

"The truth?" asks Mr. Love. "Why not? This is not Senator Sam's committee. What's been bugging you? Oh, no offense, Bob."

"Since I've been out of work," says Bob, "I've been trying to keep down household expenses. But my wife's on that phone all day. You ought to see that bill. I told her this morning, 'You're no Martha Mitchell, you know.' "

"Speaking of that," says Mr. Laird, "here comes John. Good morning, Mr. Attorney General."

"That's your opinion," says Mr. Mitchell. "Let's get to the bagman and get the payoff and blow."

"A little early," says Mr. Haldeman. "Did Ehrlichman get here yet?"

"Just coming in the door," says Mr. Love "Hello there, John."

"Hello, John," says Mr. Ehrlichman. "Good morning, John."

"Glad to see you, John," says John Mitchell.

"Here comes that little squirt, Dean," says Mr. Haldeman.

"That's one John I'm not speaking to," says Mr. Ehrlichman. "With all those Johns in the White House, it's no wonder I was always busy hiring plumbers."

All: "Hahahaha."

"Quiet, everybody," says Mr. Love. "Here he comes, the household word himself."

"Morning, Spiro," says Mr. Mitchell.

"Good morning, gentlemen," says Mr. Agnew. "A goodly gathering of the goners gang to gather goodies to get grub."

"Couldn't have put it better myself," says Mr. Mitchell. "You seem in good spirits."

"Why not? Had a round of golf this morning and got three on a par five."

"You got an eagle?" asks Mr. Haldeman, the straight man.

"No," says Mr. Agnew, "I got three spectators."

Before long the room is filled. Walter Hickel, Elliott Richardson, Henry Petersen, Daniel Moynihan, Archibald Cox, Robert Finch, Patrick Gray, etc.

Even Rose Mary Woods shows up. Just to look around in case it happens.

The payoff windows finally open, they line up to get the goodies for grub, and they are a merry group. They are loath to leave each other's company, and they stand around the large room, swapping anti-Nixon jokes.

"You know something?" says Mr. Laird. "This is what I call a well-structured group. What do you say, when we get together next week, we give some thought to starting our own country?"

"Hear, hear!" shouts the gang. Except for John Dean. Nobody is talking to him.

What they didn't know was that the meeting was being taped. That's how I am able to leak all this to you. One unfortunate thing: As I was rewinding the tape, the phone rang, and when I answered it my foot accidentally hit something, which consequently caused

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"When I think of all those winters we wasted hibernating in that stupid cave . . . !"

□

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Report From Baltimore

The Man Who "Got" Agnew

Baltimore, Maryland

On August 5, 1968, at the Republican National Convention, Gov. Spiro Agnew announced his support of Richard Nixon for President and immediately began calling Maryland's pro-Rockefeller delegates to his hotel suite, where he pressured them to switch to Nixon. One of those delegates was thirty-year-old George Beall (pronounced Bell), a Baltimore lawyer from a prestigious political family. To strengthen his persuasion, Agnew offered Beall the job of people's counsel to the Public Service Commission, an influential position in Maryland. Beall talked the matter over with his father, a former U.S. senator, who said, "Never sell out for a job." Beall turned Agnew down and stayed with Rockefeller.

When the two men next met, it was five years later—October 10, 1973. They appeared at the federal courthouse in Baltimore, where Agnew, by then Vice President of the United States, pleaded *nolo contendere* to a charge of income-tax evasion that had been successfully pressed by the U.S. attorney for Maryland, George Beall. I was in the courtroom that day. I tried to see, but couldn't, whether Agnew looked at Beall. He must have been thinking about Beall, wishing he had agreed to take the people's-counsel job in exchange for supporting Nixon. He might well have been thinking that, if a different man had become U.S. attorney for Maryland, he, Spiro Agnew, might still be Vice President and hero to millions—rather than a self-confessed crook with a shattered political career.

In fact, in pursuing Agnew's misdeeds George Beall was adhering to a well-established pattern of the Maryland U.S. attorney's office. Since the appointment of Joseph Tydings to the job in 1961, the chief characteristics of that federal office have been resolute independence and a dogged interest in political crime. Tydings, then only thirty-one, was the stepson of former U.S. Sen. Millard Tydings and the grandson of the diplomat Joseph Davies. A wealthy, elegantly slim, lord-of-the-manor type, Joe Tydings had outraged some fellow Democrats when he uncovered scandals while he was serving in the state legislature. As U.S. attorney, he sent to jail an assortment of public officials that included a member of the state congressional delegation and the speaker of the state House of Delegates. Both were Democrats. Tydings left the office in 1963 in order to oppose—and defeat—incumbent Republican Sen. J. Glenn Beall, father of George.

Tydings was succeeded as U.S. attorney by one of his assistants, a bright-eyed young courtroom terror named Stephen H. Sachs, who won convictions of former Democratic U.S. Sen. Daniel Brewster, among others. Sachs resigned when the then Atty. Gen. John Mitchell refused to let him sign a grand jury indictment of a Baltimore contractor.

ENTER GEORGE BEALL. During 1968 Beall had worked in the senatorial campaign of Republican Charles McCurdy Mathias, Jr. Mathias asked Beall whether he would like to be U.S. attorney. Beall said yes, although he had had almost no experience in federal legal practice; after graduating from Princeton, and before entering the University of Virginia Law School, he had briefly been a marshal in the federal courts in Washington, D.C. Mathias submitted Beall's name—and they waited. The President didn't nominate anyone.

In April 1969 Beall inquired at the Justice Department about the delay. He was told that the FBI check hadn't been completed. In June he was finally told to come to Washington for an interview with Deputy Atty. Gen. Richard Kleindienst. He waited and waited in Kleindienst's outer office but was never called in. No explanation was given, then or later. In May 1970 Sachs resigned, in the controversy over the unsigned indictment, and still no presidential nomination was made. Then a federal judge in Baltimore named Beall interim attorney, and shortly thereafter the official appointment came through.

It is intriguing to speculate on what was going on during 1969 and the first half of 1970. Was Agnew delaying the process? Was he fearful that another independent U.S. attorney in the Tydings-Sachs mold might uncover his own history of wrongdoing? Agnew approached two or three lawyers during that period, sounding them out concerning their interest in the job, and, perhaps, their philosophies of investigation, prosecution, and loyalty.

In the months before he actually took office, Beall had held several conversations with Judge Simon Sobeloff of the U.S. Fourth Circuit Court of Appeals, for whom he had clerked. Sobeloff expressed dismay that so many U.S. attorneys were spineless political creatures, a state of affairs he ascribed to lack of independence. He reminded Beall of the growing reputation of the Maryland U.S. attorney's office for independent action. Coincidentally or not, Beall's first action when he took office was to assert his own independence in the most striking way. He announced that he had studied the case which Attorney General Mitchell had terminated and that he agreed with Sachs and the grand jurors that the Baltimore contractor should be indicted. Again John Mitchell blocked the indictment. But Beall's show of independence must have made the hair stand up on the back of Spiro Agnew's immaculate neck.

"I'm a hard act to follow," the brash Sachs would tell people who later asked him about Beall, "but George is following it." Beall felt very much like the new boy in school. He had been a trial lawyer but lacked experience in criminal matters: He had defended doctors in malpractice cases. However, he soon demonstrated that he was going to try his utmost to keep the traditions of the office alive. Beall managed to keep many of the ablest of the young assistant prosecutors and to attract good new ones: Barney Skolnick, a Harvard Law School graduate who had come to the office from the Justice Department's Criminal Division on loan in 1968 to investigate political skulduggery in the Washington suburbs; Russell (Timmy) Baker, Jr., another Harvard Law man, former clerk to Chief Justice Warren Burger; and Ronald S. Liebman, a University of Maryland Law School graduate, former clerk to the chief federal district judge in Baltimore, and an experienced criminal-trial lawyer. Those three men and George Beall would form the team that got Spiro Agnew.

(Continued on page 55.)

FRASER YOUNG
LITERARY CRYPT NO. 3

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. *Answer on page 41.*

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YZZKXYLFZ VAZYAM
YH DGA KLLSOOAHLA
KM DGA YUROKVFVZA.
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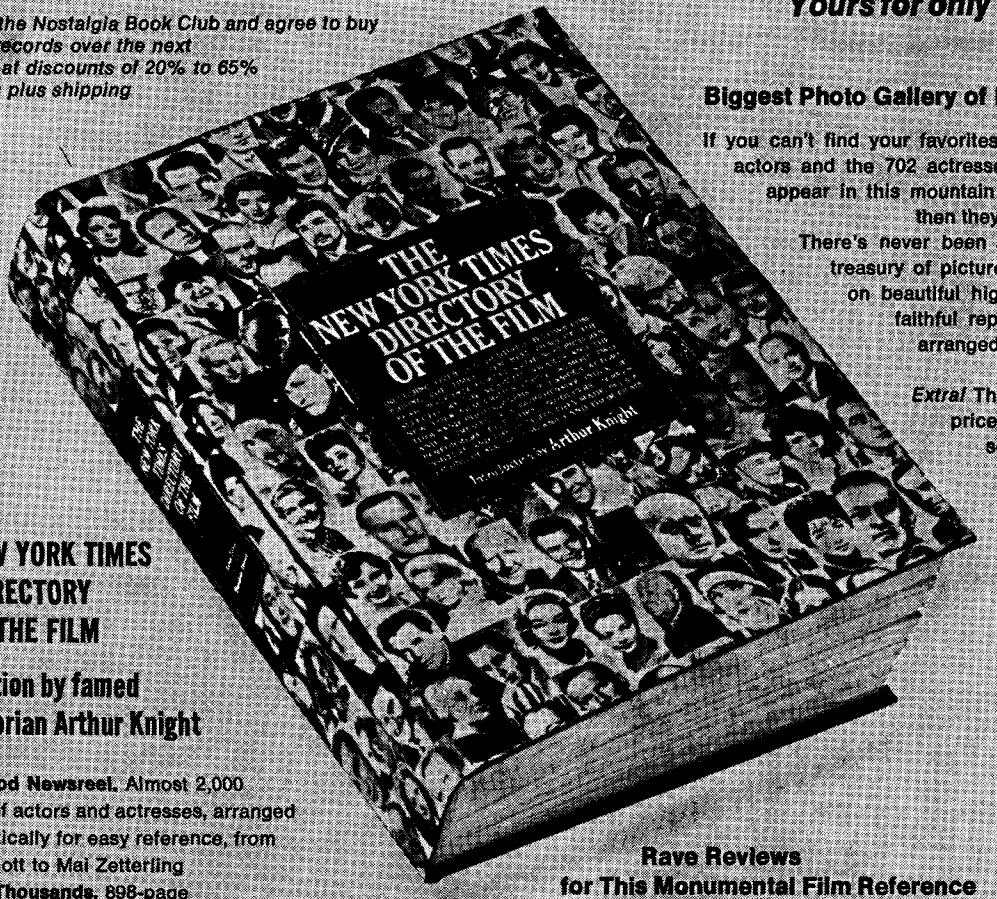

THE NEW YORK TIMES DIRECTORY OF THE FILM

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Saturday Review
World

Nigeria: Africa's Emerging New Power

Under the quiet leadership of Gen. Yakubu Gowon, the once-divided nation is assuming a preeminent role in African affairs.

by Jean Herskovits

For most Americans the name Nigeria evokes only the image of a bloody civil war fought a few years back. They may recall that the Nigerian government was accused—by, among others, candidate Nixon in 1968—of genocide against secessionist Biafra. When the shooting stopped, Nigeria quickly dropped out of public consciousness; few even discovered that nothing approaching genocide had taken place.

Yet Nigeria is important—not only for Africa but also for the rest of the world, including the United States. Her civil war has now been over longer than it lasted, and her importance comes from strengths that have little to do with it. Decisive in the change has been the young man who held the country together during thirty months of bitter strife and has guided it through four post-war years of reunification and reconciliation: Gen. Yakubu Gowon, head of the federal military government and currently chairman of the forty-two-nation Organization of African Unity (OAU).

Nigeria is large. With a population estimated at more than 60 million, she has more people than France and more than twice as many as any other country in Africa.

Nigeria is rich. Her abundant natural resources include the most timely one of all, oil. The nation now stands eighth among the world's oil producers and, after Canada, is the largest supplier of crude oil to the United States. Indeed, within a year, American trade and investment figures for Nigeria will be higher than those for South Africa—a development that could have profound effects on U.S. southern African policy.

In the African context, Nigeria is powerful. Her army of more than 200,000, mobilized to crush secession, is the biggest by far in black Africa—four times the size of the next largest, that of Zaire. Its leaders are men trained at Sandhurst and Fort Benning, tested not only in the war against Biafra but also in U.N. operations in the Belgian Congo.

In sum, Nigeria was destined for a role of preeminence in Africa and influence beyond that continent—if only she could hold together as a nation. Yakubu Gowon's leadership has thus far met that imperative, opening the way for Nigeria's preeminent role, which was recognized this year in his election as OAU chairman.

EXPECTATIONS were high, at home and abroad, when Nigeria achieved independence in 1960. People said she was a "model of democracy" and a country whose astonishing diversity and ethnic differences could be accommodated in a workable federal system. They did not understand Nigeria's complexities, and the new nation's image was steadily eroded—by flagrant corruption, sporadic violence, a general strike, rigged elections, and two dubious adventures in taking a crucial national census. A bloody army coup overthrew the constitutional government in January 1966; a second coup, engineered by a different set of officers, followed in July.

Thrust forward into the exposed position of leadership by these cataclysmic

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Gowon at Polo Match—"Leading Nigeria to unity and the promise of stability."

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Gowon with Ethiopia's Haile Selassie—"self-assurance without arrogance . . . a style very different from Nkrumah's."

events was then–Lieutenant Colonel Gowon, not yet thirty-two. Sandhurst-trained, respected by his fellows, he had confined his ambitions to the army, and he was unknown outside its confines. In that time of smoldering hatreds and senseless killings, in a country sliding inexorably toward the civil war that would break out in July 1967, Gowon's prospects for mere physical survival seemed bleak.

Seven-and-a-half years later, Gowon is still head of state, admired and respected throughout the country and, now, outside it. If he was not able to prevent a civil war whose fundamental causes were rooted in the past, he has led Nigeria through it to unity and the promise of stability, without which a wider role would be impossible.

That is little short of a miracle to Nigerians, who disagree about many things but overwhelmingly agree about Gowon. Some phrase their feeling as "our great good luck." Praise comes even from Ibo who fought against him for Biafran secession and who now credit him with their jobs and their very lives. They have seen a reconciliation and reconstruction unparalleled in this century's civil strife.

GOWON'S FIRST major political step, the creation of twelve states in May 1967, was all but eclipsed by Biafra's declaration of secession just afterward. But in the long view, the creation of those states may be more important than the war itself, for in them, Nigerians say, lies their hope for stability.

It was characteristic of General Gowon to tell me recently, "Of course, I am no political scientist," but his creation of the states showed a keen understanding of what politics is about in a Nigeria that has always been very political. He has little of the flamboyant style of African politicians. He doesn't even like politics, particularly the kind Nigeria saw after independence.

Politics then was full of ethnic and geographical problems that compounded the difficulties inherent in such ill-fitting institutions as the regional federal structure. The three- and later four-unit federation was inappropriate for dealing with people from some three hundred ethnic groups. Each of the three largest groups—Yoruba, Ibo, Hausa-Fulani—feared that two would gang up against one. The rest of the groups—called "minorities," though they are, taken together, some 50 percent of the population—feared domination by the three giants. Creating twelve states reduced the intensity of those problems and thereby quieted the fears. If people still squabble about boundaries and states, "that is inevitable and healthy," the foreign minister explains, adding, in a semantically puzzling but very Nigerian statement, "It is Nigeria's dynamic equilibrium."

Gowon's second long-range goal for Nigeria, in tandem with stability, is economic growth. The twelve-state arrangement contributes to it as well. Each of the twelve capitals is a center for development; the competition among them is its own stimulus. With a share in the ever-rising oil revenues (last year some $1.5 billion, up from $475 million in 1969), each state now has the resources of each of the four former regions. "You can develop a lot everywhere with that money," an official said. The "everywhere" is new. A drive through the country now shows stunning changes—tarred roads, piped water, dams, factories, government offices, not to mention new schools, hospitals, even universities.

Of course, serious problems persist in this complex country. Gowon's government is in a hurry to accomplish all it can before he steps aside in favor of popularly elected civilians, as he has promised to do in 1976. Nigerians do not find much to criticize in their head of state, but when they do, they fasten on qualities many would regard as virtues. He is too deliberate: Why don't problems—unemployment, military rule—go away faster? He is too meticulous: Why does he insist on proof before punishing alleged corruption? He is naïve: Why does he think he can move entrenched interests by rational argument?

Those same critics concede that Nigeria has suffered from haste in the past; they also concede that Gowon cannot be all that naïve, having survived in office despite extraordinary political cross-currents. But millions of Nigerians in low places worry about the issue on which he himself places high priority: "eradication of corruption in our national life." They know he himself is incorruptible, but they say that is not enough; he should deal harshly with his subordinates who take what Nigerians call "their 10 percent off the top."

Further, although Gowon's reconciliation policy has had striking results (that the city of Kano, where Ibo were slaughtered in 1966, has an Ibo chief of police is a revealing example), there is one glaring flaw: Approximately 30 former Nigerian army officers are still in jail, although 113 others who fought for Biafra never have been. Some of the thirty took part in the January 1966 coup; others, in the 1967 Biafran invasion of Nigeria's midwestern state. Those are the deeds hardest for Gowon to forgive, but the country is now strong enough to make amnesty total.

The man who has to deal finally with all the problems is still young, just thirty-

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nine. His bearing is military, whether in uniform or, as he often is, in one form or another of Nigerian national dress. Yet he is relaxed and witty, and he is handsome, too. (My Ibo driver, asked why we were going more slowly than usual through Gowon's village, explained, "I want to see if they are all as beautiful as the head of state.") His voice has more confidence than it once did, but he still does not intrude his presence upon groups or individuals. When he visited New York City last October, he delivered all his speeches—save the one given to the U.N. General Assembly—without texts. He answers questions easily, frankly when he thinks he can, diplomatically when he must, always at length.

Gowon doesn't like descriptions of externals, even when they are true: "I object to your saying I am a 'Christian from a northern minorities area.' " His tone was firm despite his smile, and he added, "I want to be judged not by who I am but by what I do." The externals originally made him acceptable to Nigerians under their old political juggling. But now his appeal is different. They like his style—low-key and pragmatic, without airs, and strikingly civilian.

They also like much of what he does. Recently he announced plans to spend $750 million on workers' housing during the next three years—an astonishing amount in a developing country. "Imagine that from a man who is not ideological," remarked one of the state governors. In fact, Gowon expresses Nigerian pragmatism, and part of his popularity comes from the people's delight in seeing a pragmatist tackling real problems.

IT IS NOT SURPRISING that, only four years after the end of the civil war, Gowon still devotes most of his time and energy to making Nigeria viable. That is one reason why he has not been issuing grandiose statements about African problems; personal style is the other. Now, with internal consolidation well under way, he and his foreign minister, Dr. Okoi Arikpo, have begun work on the strong, independent foreign policy that Nigeria's size and resources justify. They are moving outward in concentric circles, starting with Nigeria's neighbors, quietly dealing with matters of interest to the whole continent, from white-minority rule to neo-colonial influence to economic cooperation.

Quiet, however, is the key, with the profile kept low. Gowon's style is very different from that of Ghana's Kwame Nkrumah, whose flaming ideological pronouncements in the Sixties inspired some Africans but scared more. "Africans are easily frightened," an East African diplomat told me recently. "Many people on our continent are very conservative," he said, explaining how attractive they find Nigeria's self-assurance without arrogance.

> "Asked about ousting South Africa's white rulers, Gowon said, 'We will shed a little blood if we must.' "

Nigeria's priorities at home are her priorities for Africa: stability and technological advancements that will lead to growth. Paradoxically, surviving her civil war has strengthened Nigeria's influence in Africa. It is not just that Africans worry about balkanization and that Nigeria was able to remain one country. More important to Africans, beyond even the post-war magnanimity they admire, is their awareness that Nigerians know what it is to have very serious problems.

General Gowon initiated his new foreign policy with state visits to Nigeria's neighbors, visits that were important on a continent where personal contacts matter. Action followed diplomatic cordiality. Nigeria has given Dahomey, her neighbor to the west, a $3 million interest-free loan and is building a road connecting Lagos and Porto Novo. She has built another road to—and will share electricity with—Niger, her neighbor to the north. Nigeria and Togo are drawing up plans to start a western African common market. Recently the Nigerian government gave $3.75 million to drought-stricken Sahelian countries to the north, despite the fact that her own northern states have been hard hit by drought. None of that is glamorous, but, unlike rhetoric, it is real. Such actions not only build up Nigeria's credit with her neighbors but also underscore her relative wealth and importance in black Africa.

These actions undermine the most obvious of Africa's neo-colonialisms—that of France, which once ruled all those neighbors. Nigerians relish that fact, convinced as they are that France hoped to destroy their country through its near-official support of Biafra.

Nigeria's strength in black Africa, then, is political as well as economic. Despite more than a decade of western African independence from colonial rule, the region's European-drawn boundaries—however irrational they are—have resisted change. If these boundaries do give way, the new configurations will probably be built around Nigeria, with her proven ability to unite disparate groups in a federal relationship.

White-minority rule is, of course, Africa's overriding political issue. Support for the liberation movements—all but one of them are in southern Africa—is easy. It is the cause that keeps black Africa together. But Nigeria has unique possibilities and therefore, some say, unique responsibilities. She has already made large contributions in money and matériel and has trained civilian personnel who can serve in liberated areas.

Nigeria has a 200,000-man army, huge by black African standards, and one quarter of it has seen combat. The army's simple existence may give heart to freedom fighters and pause to those they fight. As African armies go, it is modern, though not ultra-modern, for Gowon has not indulged in costly re-equipping. There are MIGs left over from the civil war, and there are British tanks, as well as other conventional weapons.

Nigeria does not now have specific plans for deploying those troops. Gowon would prefer a different script. As he told the United Nations in October, "Nobody in Africa wishes to adopt the path of armed struggle . . . for the love of it." But with growing white-minority intransigence, Gowon and the OAU find it increasingly hard to maintain that view.

Asked recently about a possible holocaust to oust South Africa's white rulers, he replied, "We will shed a little blood if we must." He turned aside more questions with a wry smile and his own question: "Do you expect an army man to reveal his strategic plans?" But no one should make C. O. Ojukwu's miscalculation: "I know Jack, and Jack won't fight," the Biafran leader said, using Gowon's nickname.

MEANWHILE NIGERIA WORKS actively for the cause of African liberation. In 1970 Gowon declared that it was vital for all liberation movements that one succeed within three years. The timetable was new, and so was his naming Guinea Bissau as the place. On September 24, 1973, Guinea Bissau proclaimed its independence from Portugal, its ruling party (the PAIGC) claiming control

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over 90 percent of its land. "I just made it," remarked Gowon about his prediction, which had been helped along by Nigerian aid. "But how much will Nigeria help now?" a southern African asks. "That's where the test of her effectiveness with the liberation movements will come." Then, after a pause: "Of course it's the PAIGC who will decide what they want."

This line fits Nigerian strategy: Act only in response to specific requests. Gowon commits the country publicly to being of whatever assistance she can and specifies money, administrative personnel, and matériel: "We will help, within our means." The means aren't unlimited, but they are greater than anyone else's in black Africa.

AT THE UNITED NATIONS, Gowon again endorsed the OAU resolution asking that all nations "extend to the liberation movements, and to the millions of Africans under severe oppression and exploitation, such material assistance as would ensure fulfillment to the African peoples of the promise held out by the charter of the United Nations." The major Western powers will not willingly answer that call, but economic facts may force them to do so. Nigeria is the second largest supplier of crude oil (almost all of it sulfur-free) to the United States, whose imports of it have doubled in the past year. Americans do not yet see the implications of that. President Nixon made that perfectly clear last October when the White House canceled, rescheduled, and recanceled his appointments with General Gowon until finally the Nigerians had had enough. Fortunately Gowon is not easily piqued; otherwise Nixon might be asking us to lower our thermostats still further.

Gowon's state visit to England last June and the deference the British paid him showed an awareness of Nigeria's economic importance not yet evident in Washington. As an ambassador to the United Nations told me, "They haven't worried about African wrath before, but now it means the wrath of Nigeria. She can use her growing influence in some Western quarters to get support, or at least neutrality, on southern African [black liberation] matters."

"I do not believe in economic blackmail," Gowon declares. But Africans say the main reason why the British do not give in completely to the Smith regime in southern Rhodesia is fear of Nigerian reprisals. A wise American administration would not have dealt in unneeded Rhodesian chrome when to do so was to irritate Nigeria with her needed oil.

Although it has not been terribly effective in its ten-year existence, the OAU is symbolically important. Its chairmanship is the greatest honor Africa confers, and General Gowon's election to it is an African statement about Nigeria's strength. No one at the end of the civil war thought such recognition could come so soon. It is a tribute to Gowon for what he has done, including his taking the lead in Nigeria's early resumption of amicable relations with the four OAU countries that recognized Biafra (Tanzania, Zambia, Ivory Coast, Gabon). The $750,000 Nigeria sent to help Zambia after the closing of the Zambian-Rhodesian border showed the depth of her African reconciliation.

"Fortunately Gowon is not easily piqued, or Nixon might be asking us to lower our thermostats still further."

Gowon has impressed African leaders in small, personal ways, too. For example, on a continent that respects age, it matters to older heads of state that when they seek interviews with him, he comes to them. As OAU chairman, Gowon has been mediating, with unusual success, conflicts between Ethiopia and Somalia and between Tanzania and Burundi. It is most startling to see him handling a dispute between French-speaking nations —Senegal and the Ivory Coast on one side and Guinea on the other. His influence is surely enhanced by his style and his understanding of the way Africans work, an understanding illustrated by his having sent his own plane to shuttle negotiators back and forth between sessions.

NIGERIA HAS EXERCISED an important measure of leadership vis-à-vis the European Common Market. It has united black Africa and the Caribbean states (an achievement scarcely imaginable before their trade ministers met in Lagos last July) so that now, led by Nigeria's commissioner for trade, they are negotiating as one with the EEC. They will not accept existing terms of association, designed to keep them suppliers of primary products. Gowon says, "We must not allow Europe to perpetuate the economic relationship of colonial days."

Nigeria's attitudes toward countries outside Africa rest largely on two considerations: the country's stand on the Nigerian civil war and its current policy on African liberation from white-minority rule. Because the Russians did sell arms to Nigeria (and continue to give rhetorical support to liberation) while the United States refused to sell her arms (and still violates the Rhodesian boycott), some observers worry about Soviet influence in Lagos. That is simplistic cold-war thinking. Nigeria cannot be bought for one ideological camp or another. If Americans find coolness from Nigeria—despite the admiration many Nigerians, including General Gowon, have for much that we do at home—that is not because of the Russians. It is because the Nigerians felt betrayed by unquestioning American public acceptance of Biafran propaganda and because they resent U.S. coziness with Portugal and the white regimes of southern Africa.

In a wonderfully satirical little book called *How To Be a Nigerian*, Peter Enahoro writes, "Next to God, there is nothing that fills the heart of a Nigerian with greater awe than a chairman." The bit of truth in that raises Nigerians' respect for Gowon, "their" OAU chairman. Yet Nigeria herself remains Gowon's highest priority. "The most important thing we can do for Africa now is to build a strong economy," a federal civil servant says, echoing Gowon's views. Along with the other members of OPEC (Organization of Petroleum Exporting Countries), Nigeria has almost quadrupled her oil prices, which may raise her oil income to more than $7 billion this year. She will not join the Arab states' boycott and cut supplies, nor will she step up production beyond its normal increase to take up their slack. But none of that means that Nigeria will never play oil politics, for she is the one country in black Africa that can hope to have a strong economy in the near future.

Under Nigeria's "military democracy," as he likes to call it, General Gowon's leadership seems secure at least until 1976, the scheduled date for the return to civilian rule. Many of his countrymen hope that he—perhaps as a civilian—will continue to hold office beyond that date. This is not impossible, for his commitment to Nigeria's success seems to be all-consuming. "If we fail," he once said, "the whole of Africa and the black race will not forgive us." □

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Goom Rodgie's Razzle-Dazzle Soul Rush

In the triumphant moment of his worldwide "crusade," the Perfect Master reveals a plan for 1000 years of peace and sends the fundamentalists howling.

by David Snell

Guru Maharaj Ji—". . . a kind of spiritual atomic pile with all the rods pulled out."

His Serene Holiness, Pratap Singh Rawat-Balyogeshwar, Satguru Shri Maharaj Ji, Perfect Master of the Universe, at the almost intolerable earthly age of sixteen, has a bit of a weight problem and a bleeding duodenal ulcer.

This crossed my mind when "Goom Rodgie," as his adoring American followers pronounce Guru Maharaj Ji, put down recently at Houston, Texas, in his twin-engine Cessna with the "Holy Family"—his widowed mother and three older brothers.

The guru's arrival was the triumphant moment of a worldwide "Soul Rush," which had brought an estimated 25,000 of his followers to Houston from all over the United States and thirty-six foreign countries. They had come to attend, in the Astrodome, a three-day festival of rock music and religious razzle-dazzle, which they called Millennium '73.

The specific promise was that on the final Saturday evening, in a sermon to the multitude and media, the guru would reveal his plan for 1000 years of peace on earth, with perpetual renewal options. Organizers of the affair called it "the most holy and significant event in human history."

Now a claim of that sweep and magnitude will not be swallowed lightly. Predictably, church groups failed to yield the point, to put it mildly. And as the drama unfolded, the news media took a harsh and suspicious view of Guru Maharaj Ji himself.

The morsel that stuck in many craws, mediawise, was a glaring incongruity. Whereas the rank-and-file guruphiles feel a compulsion to renounce all material wealth, he himself flamboyantly amasses it. Where does the money come from? Despite the guru's vaunted powers, no claim has been made that the cash comes from Heaven. A great deal of money comes to the guru's worldwide organization, the Divine Light Mission, from the kids themselves—many of them are using family savings that might have sent them through school; others tap their parents for contributions or go out on money-raising missions throughout the country.

The guru owns airplanes, real-estate that includes several expensive houses, and a burgeoning investment portfolio. Like any red-blooded teenage lad who happens to be a Perfect Master of the Universe, he pops wheelies with his motorcycle, tinkers with his two Mercedes-Benz automobiles and his $30,000 Silver Cloud Rolls-Royce, and eats hand-dipped Baskin-Robbins ice cream concoctions to his ulcer's delight. (He loves to play jokes—like the time back in India when he jumped onto his motorcycle and roared away, scattering dust and gravel on some people who had prostrated themselves to kiss his lotus feet.)

NOR WAS IT OVERLOOKED that Guru Maharaj Ji and his family put up in the

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penthouse suite of the Astroworld Hotel. The choice of that accommodation was practically ecumenical, its decor and $2500-a-day rental having been tailored to the tastes and style of a Texas state religion—the oil industry.

It could hardly have surprised the guru and his disciples that "religion and rip-off" became the between-the-lines reprise in so much of the commentary on Millennium '73.

And yet, with a refreshing kind of naiveté, the guru's defenders—and implied victims—did little to dispel the idea, though there is much they could have said.

Rennie Davis, of Chicago Seven fame, the most celebrated of the guru's converts and the general coordinator of his Houston festival, put it simply:

> Our Lord is now on this planet. He is our guest in this country, and it is not for him to say what kind of transportation we should provide or the kind of lodgings we offer. We love him. We love to give him things.

THE PROBLEM that Goom Rodgie's press officers and PR flacks were always up against, in Houston and elsewhere, was a tough one, rather like performing the Hindu rope trick without a rope: How do you impart knowledge to media representatives who have never received the Knowledge?

Knowledge is what you have to receive in order to become a devotee. Devotees are called *premies*. That is not medical slang for premature babies. It is Hindustani for "lovers."

As recently as three years ago, America had no *premies*. Now there are 60,000 (*N.B.*: almost no black ones). That's how fast the thing is growing. Few if any of them have backslid. Stop any *premie* and ask him, or her, about the Knowledge. The face lights up, and you get instant *satsang* ("the giving of truth"). As in the theme song of the movie *Lili*, a song of love is a *satsang*, "hi-Lili, hi-Lili, hi-lo."

From random sampling as well as official doctrine, I am utterly persuaded that receiving Knowledge is a fuse-blowing experience. First, you have to undergo a kind of conditioning during a series of lengthy *satsangs*—group sessions, usually—presided over by one of Goom Rodgie's chosen disciples, who are called mahatmas. Currently about fifty mahatmas, most of them Indians, are working the circuit.

When at last you are deemed to have reached the proper state of readiness, the mahatma lays on hands. That is the real lock in and turn on. Using a manipulative technique that is never revealed to outsiders but is said to involve a certain way of pressing on your eyeballs, Mahatma shows you the Divine Light.

The method has something to do with brain circuitry that is linked up with the pineal gland. Each person comes with a pineal as standard equipment, situated next to the pituitary at the base of the brain. The ancients—I forget which ones, although back in college I knew—called the tiny bone structure in which the pineal rests the seat of the soul. Those ancients knew a lot more than we sometimes give them credit for. What you see when your pineal gets jiggered is a sunburst of light in the center of your forehead.

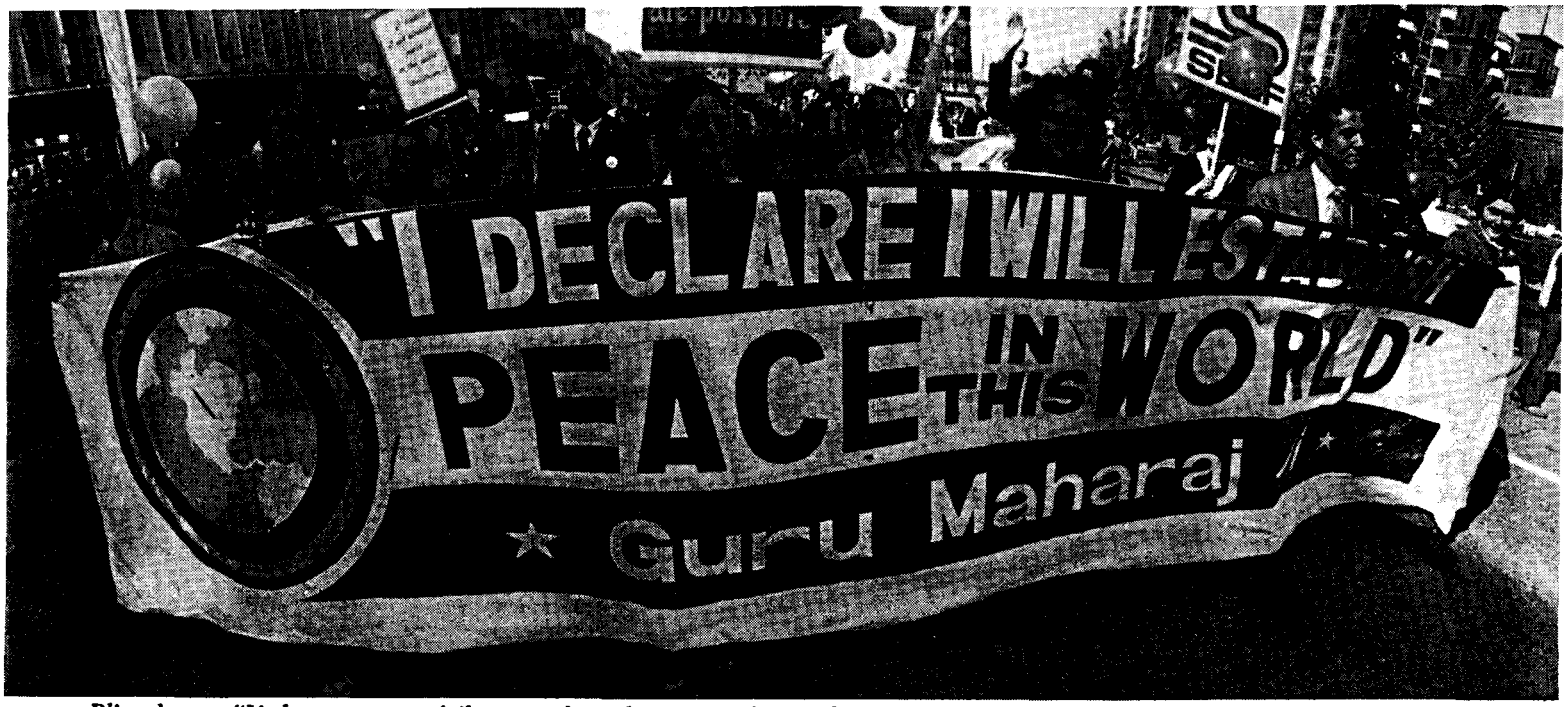
After that, you hear the Divine Music, which you get in glorious stereophonics when Mahatma puts his fingers into, or under, your ears. Then you taste the Divine Nectar. That is done with a secret technique in which you halfway swallow your tongue. The nectar is infinitely sweeter, if less fattening, than any product of Baskin-Robbins.

Finally the Divine Word is revealed to you, transporting you into the full Knowledge of God.

AS DISPENSERS of knowledge, the mahatmas are greatly revered. Its ultimate source, of course, is Guru Maharaj Ji, who functions as a kind of spiritual atomic pile with all the rods pulled out.

During Millennium '73 I did a lot of tape recording—speeches, interviews, and performances by the Divine Light Mission's fifty-piece rock band, Blue Aquarius, which is conducted by the guru's brother, Bhole Ji. For some curious reason the sounds were very rough on my equipment. In rapid succession three Sony recorders conked out.

When I mentioned that to a young



Blissed out—"If the movement fails to produce the promised city, there are going to be some terribly disillusioned people."

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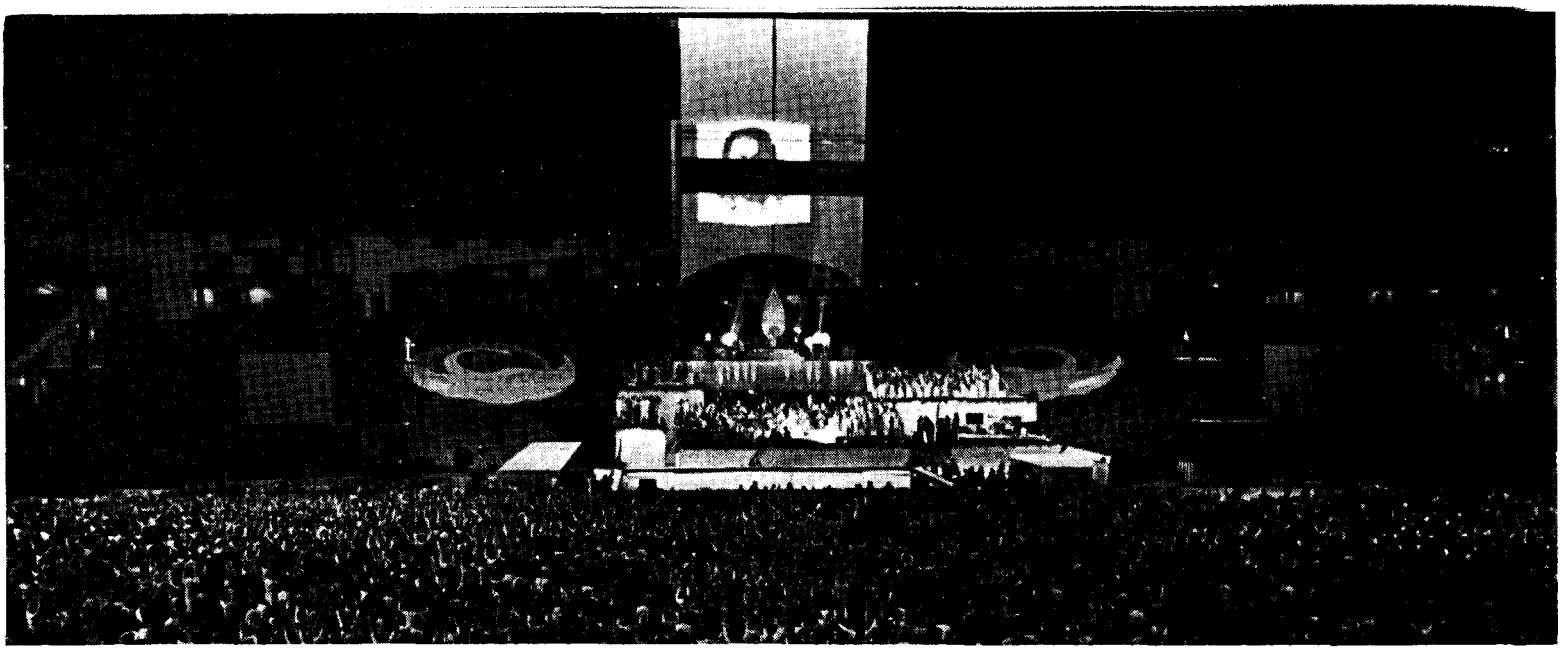

Millennium '73—"Organizers of the Astrodome affair called it 'the most holy and significant event in human history.' "

woman who was a member of the public-relations staff, it was as though I had offered her my fraternity pin. Stars danced in her eyes.

"It's the great spiritual energy that Goom Rodgie gives off," she said. "When he is giving a talk, you'll see lots of *premies* just dozing off to sleep. His energy simply stuns them."

Wired into the amplifiers of Blue Aquarius, the energy output cast a different spell. It must take a special kind of poor luck, not to mention a malign configuration of asteroids and planets, to get yourself knocked down and trampled in a Soul Rush. Thanks to the wattage, I very nearly managed.

It was during the final evening's concert. Writhing to the music, thousands of *premies* sat tightly bunched on the Astrodome playing field. I was standing at the edge, and nearby several hundred of the faithful were turning handsprings, dancing, and leaping around. To use the Divine Light vernacular: Oh, wow, were they blissed out!

From the corner of my eye I saw a fast-moving snake dance turn sharply, the whip action sending a half-dozen *premies* hurtling toward me. They looked bullish on America, like a commercial for Merrill, Lynch, Pierce, Fenner & Goom Rodgie. I sprinted backwards—barely in time—and slammed hard into a uniformed policeman.

"Hey, buster, you tryin' to start sumpin', or sumpin'?" he said, speaking slow and steely, like Shane.

"No, Sir!" I said and apologized profusely. He cooled down. And then, nodding out toward the arena, he said, real friendly-like:

"Ain't this just the damnedest thang you have ever saw?"

"Damnedest" was the word for it. Only the Almighty in Heaven Above could know how many decent, God-fearing folks around the city had been calling down the damnation of Heaven upon this heathen-inspired happening.

It is likely that Goom Rodgie (or his strategy planners) had misjudged the mood of Houston and had miscalculated its degree of receptiveness to the startling doctrine of Perfect Masterhood.

Certainly this was a time of trauma for the city. The oil industry, which is its economic base, was filled with foreboding over the energy crisis. The once-bright tomorrow of the Manned Spacecraft Center had all but vanished. The summer of '73 had brought an all but unspeakable horror, the discovery of the bodies of twenty-seven boys and young men, mainly Houstonians, who had been tortured and murdered by a homosexual sadist and his accomplices.

There were lesser things, too, chipping away at the Houston psyche. Much of the land in the city was inexorably subsiding toward sea level. After a year of the heaviest rainfall on record, the roof of the Astrodome sprang serious leaks above some expensive seats. The Astrodome, which bills itself as the Eighth Wonder of the World, was about to be eclipsed by Wonder Number Eight-and-a-Half. Nearing completion was the bigger and grander New Orleans Superdome. And as if all that were not bad enough, the hometown pro-sports teams, the baseball Astros and the football Oilers, were like zilch. Houston, it seemed, really was in a bad way. As one joke-about-town had it, her mayor was the only politician in Texas who managed to lose money on the Sharpstown bank scandal.

What better place, then, to weigh into with the message of serenity, hope, peace, and God-love that flows from the Perfect Master and his Knowledge? Confidently the Divine Light Mission budgeted a total of $953,177 for Millennium '73—for charter jet flights, hotel accommodations, and all the rest, including $75,000 for the Astrodome. The prediction was that the dome's 70,000 arena-and-stands capacity would be filled to overflowing.

As it turned out, counting on Houston to fill all the seats not taken by visiting *premies* was a mistake. Houston wasn't about to. Though no head count could be taken because admission to Millennium '73 was free, it is doubtful that attendance even approached 30,000 on any of the three nights.

Not that Houston was uninterested. "Beware of false prophets!" thundered the marquee of the venerable First Baptist Church. In the city and far into the suburbs, pastors railed against the boy guru or spoke with sorrow of the supposed misleading of youth. One group of fundamentalists picketed the Astrodome with signs calling the guru the messenger of Satan. "Heathenism invades America!" said one leaflet, ". . . more fantastical than communism. Denounce this imposter!" "Zombies!" shouted a picket, as the *premies* passed through. "You goin' to wind up in hell!" said another, a black ordained minister. "The Bible is the word of the Lord, you stupid ignoramus!" screamed a third.

IT WAS TIME for the message for which the world had been waiting. I could see Goom Rodgie in his scarlet tunic, look-

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ing like a wedding-cake ornament as he sat on his flame-shaped throne atop the many-tiered translucent platform that rose against the center-field wall. The heavens of the scoreboard above him exploded in the display that is used to celebrate Houston Astro home runs.

He began to speak. There were long, rambling parables having to do with automobile carburetors that need filters for purification of fuel and with a boy who searched frantically for a Superman comic book only to be given one by the child he tried to rebuff. Slowly I began to feel the stunning effects of Goom Rodgie's high voltage, and I tried to fight off sleep. Oh, yes. The plan for peace. "You want peace?" he said. "Give me a try. Let me have a try. I'll establish peace. It's a simple deal." That was just about all he had specifically to say on the subject.

THE RISE of the Perfect Master has been a remarkable phenomenon of our times, and his coming to the Astrodome was a strange interlude for Houston. On both counts many people felt a need to make assessments. Figuratively speaking, he had performed miracles and then had been reviled and spat upon and crowned with thorns. For some, this stirred a painful sense of *déjà vu.*

I, too, was haunted by that feeling, and for the longest time I could not pin it down. It had something to do with the looks of radiant happiness that seemed almost congealed on the faces of the devotees and with the smiles they flashed at everyone they encountered. In the context of Watergate, the energy crisis, the trouble spots around the world, and all the rest of it, there is something spooky about seeing large numbers of people going around smiling. It's almost un-American.

Then it came to me. Some years ago I had had an allergic reaction to penicillin, which brought on acute anaphylactic shock. A physician pulled me back from the very edge of death, after heart and respiration had stopped. In that last supreme moment I had experienced sensations very much like those described by people who have received the guru's Knowledge.

And now I remembered something else. For two or three weeks after the penicillin incident, I had been filled with a sense of love, for everything and everybody—and, I'm embarrassed to say it, bliss. I remember passing total strangers on the street and thinking that I loved them. And then, though I tried to clutch onto it, the feeling had gradually ebbed away.

"MY GENERAL RESPONSE to the Divine Light movement," Dr. Kenneth L. Vaux was saying, "is positive and affirmative.

> "... he pops wheelies with his motorcycle, tinkers with his two Mercedes-Benz cars, and eats hand-dipped Baskin-Robbins ice cream to his ulcer's delight."

It's a methodology of how to live, how to be alive, and how to interrelate wholesomely to other people." Dr. Vaux is a professor of ethics, the acting director of The Institute of Religion and Human Development, and a distinguished theologian. The institute, situated in the heart of the Texas Medical Center in Houston, was established two decades ago by a group of clergymen and doctors to serve as a kind of bridge between religion and the healing arts. It is wholly ecumenical. Now, on a golden afternoon, Dr. Vaux talked of his assessments:

I see a healing, wholesome kind of spirit. There are, I think, some dangers in it. I think that the answer that the guru and his followers offer to the moral crisis in the world is very simplistic. Inner security, which the guru and his followers say is all that matters, has been the classic escape mechanism in times of trouble. I would say that the times are too demanding for that kind of evasion. . . .

Now I've had another reflection, and that is that I find authenticity in this child *because* of his simplicity. In a sense he's a kind of foolish figure, and there is a kind of naiveté, an innocence, a foolishness about him, which, you know, has very frequently accompanied the saintly figure down through history. . . .

Why has this essentially Eastern view taken such firm root in the West? We're trying to understand why we became technological in the West. I essentially have come to feel that it's the basic Hebrew idea that time moves in a line. . . . In a medical center like this, for example, the only way you can understand the tremendous energy we release to try to defeat death is that we are on this road, in the Hebrew sense of building the Kingdom of God. Or creating a world where disease, debilitation, and death no longer reign. That's completely alien to Eastern cultures, in which there's an acceptance of birth and life and death and the cycles of the year, of the seasons of the year. . . .

(What was it that Rennie Davis had said in his speech to Millennium '73? "I tell you now that it is springtime on this earth! . . .")

"THESE PEOPLE, the devotees, are more 'into' respecting their bodies and taking care of themselves," said Dr. Robert R. Newport of Guerneville, California. Dr. Newport had come to Houston to attend Millennium '73. He is a psychiatrist. He also has received Knowledge. He is a *premie.* He said:

These people are feeling better—that's why you don't see any scowl lines on their faces. I think one of the greatest evils in the world is the phrase "I need." It comes from our ego, the "me" position, the "my" position. Now, notice these people in the Divine Light Mission. You won't hear them saying, "I want this" and "This is for me," and they won't be fighting with each other. Watch the traffic guards in the hallways, and watch how the devotees listen to their authority. There's no battle with authority.

Déjà vu, anyone?

WHEN YOU stood in one of the upper levels of the Astrodome and looked out upon the thousands of *premies* in the darkened lower tiers and down on the arena floor, there was something very strange about it all, and it took you a while to realize what was smoking. Not tobacco, not grass. The faint wisp of smoke in the air was incense.

A great many, perhaps a majority, of Guru Maharaj Ji's converts in the United States formerly were active in the anti-war movement. Many thousands were "into" the drug culture. Today most of the *premies* live in communal houses that are called ashrams. Those who elect to do that surrender all their wealth and material possessions to the Divine Light Mission. In the ashrams there is no drug usage, no drinking, no smoking, no sex. Guru Maharaj Ji asks his followers to live and dress cleanly and to take care of their bodies. They do.

They meditate and they stay busy. Across the United States the Divine Light Mission is involved in all sorts of business enterprises. It operates thrift shops and a New York vegetarian restaurant, runs a food co-op, offers painting, carpentry, plumbing, housekeeping, lawn care, auto repair, and laundry services. There is a divine airline, Shri Hans Aviation, and a firm that markets wholesale electronics equipment.

One day soon, the Divine Light Mission will begin building a divine city, as proof that human beings can live together in peace and love. Reportedly it

(*Continued on page 51.*)

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Mary Todd Lincoln: Second Thoughts on Our Most Vilified First Lady

by Irving Stone

Mary Todd Lincoln is probably the single most reviled woman in American history. If the causes are few, the reasons given are numerous. When she was First Lady in the White House during the Civil War, the South denounced her as a traitor, the North accused her of being a spy. Ten years after Abraham Lincoln's assassination, while she was having some change-of-life difficulties, her son Robert Lincoln—her three other sons had died young—had her hauled into a courtroom in Chicago. She was declared legally insane in a rigged trial and was put in a sanatorium. After four months the medical director of the sanatorium declared her sane and responsible, and she was released. But the story of that horrendous trial has not been, and may never be, expunged from public memory.

I ended my biographical novel about Mary Todd—attractive, well educated, from Lexington, Kentucky—and Abraham Lincoln, *Love Is Eternal* (1954), on the day, five weeks after Lincoln's death, when she walked down the steps of the White House, her son Tad's hand in hers, as they left for their new home in a Chicago hotel. After publication of the book I had many inquiries about what happened to Mary Todd Lincoln during the rest of her life. I did not wish to add to the novel, but I did realize that one day I would have to analyze the rest of her tortured years.

The opportunity finally came in the form of an invitation from the Abraham Lincoln Association of Springfield, Illinois, to give the annual Abraham Lincoln lecture before their distinguished group on February 12, 1973. The lecture was published as a monograph by the Abraham Lincoln Association late in 1973; the following article is extracted from the monograph.

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It is my opinion that the most base and ugly charge made against Mary Todd Lincoln was that Abraham Lincoln did not love her. This canard was started by a jealous law partner, William Herndon, and for more than a hundred years has been perpetuated by vacuous and vicious minds; for the proof is there to see by anyone who wishes to see the truth: Lincoln's tenderness for Mary, his devotion to her well-being, his undiminishing efforts to protect her and keep her happy. He married her in love, and there is solid evidence over the near quarter of a century of their marriage that he loved her deeply and steadfastly, to the moment of his death.

Here we must stop for a moment and chide Mary Todd Lincoln for making her first tactical mistake, her undisguised dislike for William Herndon. I will not go into the character of Herndon as he was then, nor Mary's criticisms of him: that he was crude, drank too much, knew little law, and hence was undeserving to be Lincoln's equal partner. What can be said is that if Mary Lincoln had known how much pernicious mischief Herndon would perpetrate in later years, she might have been more self-serving, might have invited him into her home occasionally. But Mary was jealous of Lincoln's warmth and affection for "Billy" Herndon, as Herndon was jealous of her. Like a number of young wives, she tried to break up the close relationship between her husband and his best friend. It was a mistake for which she paid dearly.

The only other criticism levied against her during these Springfield years, aside from the charge that she was a fanatically clean housekeeper who never did learn how to cook, was that of "excessive grief" over the death of her second son, Edward. She was unable to get out of bed and go to the cemetery to see Edward put into the ground. It was a charge that was to recur: after the death of her twelve-year-old son William in February of 1862, in the President's house, and after the death of Abraham Lincoln in the little house across the street from Ford's Theater. I am not qualified to say what constitutes "excessive grief" on the part of a mother who loses two young sons, and then her husband through assassination. I wish that she had found the strength to attend Edward's funeral, that she had not become involved with spiritualism after Willie's death. It would have provided her professional detractors with a few less redoubts for attack.

On March 4, 1861, Abraham and Mary achieved their lifetime ambitions by entering the White House as President and First Lady; they were immediately confronted with their country's bloody Civil War.

It is in the White House years that we find the main body of vituperation poured out orally and by the press against Mary, as a Southerner, and hence a traitor and a spy.

Actually, her accomplishments in the first two years of the war and her occupancy of the Executive Mansion are little short of brilliant. She inherited from the bachelor James Buchanan and the beleaguered Franklin Pierce a worn-down, shabby residence. It was her conviction, and she was entirely right, that a nation should not appear threadbare, a country which had neither the resources nor stamina to show its best face, to encourage faith and resolution in others, not only Americans but also visitors from abroad who could help the Union.

Congress appropriated $20,000 for the purpose of redecoration, and Mary went about her job with energy and superb good taste, using the best materials of domestic production, as well as fine European wallpapers, rugs, furnishings, chandeliers, draperies, and a complete repainting, so that the President's house shone like a jewel. Even the most hostile families in Washington praised her for the magnificent job she had done.

She had gone almost $7000 over her appropriation, which Lincoln had to wheedle out of the Congress. She had shopped hard and bought well; but now charges of extravagance crept into the papers. Having been trained as a researcher by Dr. John Ward in Lexington, she went to the records and established the fact that Andrew Jackson had spent $12,000 more than she had for renovation and Martin Van Buren had spent $60,000 to refurbish the President's house, twice as much as she!

Many years later Eleanor Roosevelt would be criticized for redoing the kitchen, President Truman for adding a balcony. Jacqueline Kennedy spent a great deal to make the White House more elegant, and only a few years later Mrs. Nixon would again redo several of the main rooms. There was a continual need to keep the President's house beautiful and well propped—and a continual criticism of the expenditure!

"The more we beat Mary Lincoln down, the more we raise up Abraham Lincoln, until he towers in the skies above us, a dark, bearded God. . . ."

Her nervous ill health began with the death of William in February 1862. Of her three remaining sons, Willie was the tender and loving one, who adored his mother and whose presence brought her joy and consolation. She became so distraught that she allowed herself to be persuaded to attend a number of spiritualist meetings, where the leaders of the seances gave demonstrations indicating that Willie's presence was in the room and communicating with her. She longed for Willie so desperately that she awoke at night with the impression that Willie was standing at the foot of her bed. She even permitted one of the more demanding spiritualists to hold a seance in the White House, a mistake in judgment for which the President dressed her down.

The question here is whether belief in spiritualism in the 1860s was an indication of a neurotic personality. If so, the United States, from the Civil War to the end of the nineteenth century, was overrun by neurotics; for spiritualism was a fad in full flower for half a century. It took a shattering scandal in Boston—in which the most popular and revered of the spiritualists were exposed as frauds, using trick lighting on photographs and the re-creation of the hollow voices of the dead—to inter the movement. Yet the question of the possibility of life after death has always been, and will always be, an intriguing intellectual problem. In the light of her bereavement over Willie's death, can we put serious blame upon Mary for succumbing?

A more constant criticism leveled against her in the White House years was her extravagance in buying objects for which she had no need and spending money on shopping tours in New York with a prodigal hand. She bought beautiful gowns, shawls, jewelry, gloves, laces. Her husband was slipping ever deeper into melancholy over the loss of battle after battle, the deaths of thousands of young men on the battlefields,

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Irving Stone, novelist and biographer, is author of many works, including The Passions of the Mind *and* The Agony and the Ecstasy. *His biography of Henry and Sophia Schliemann will be published by Doubleday in 1975.*

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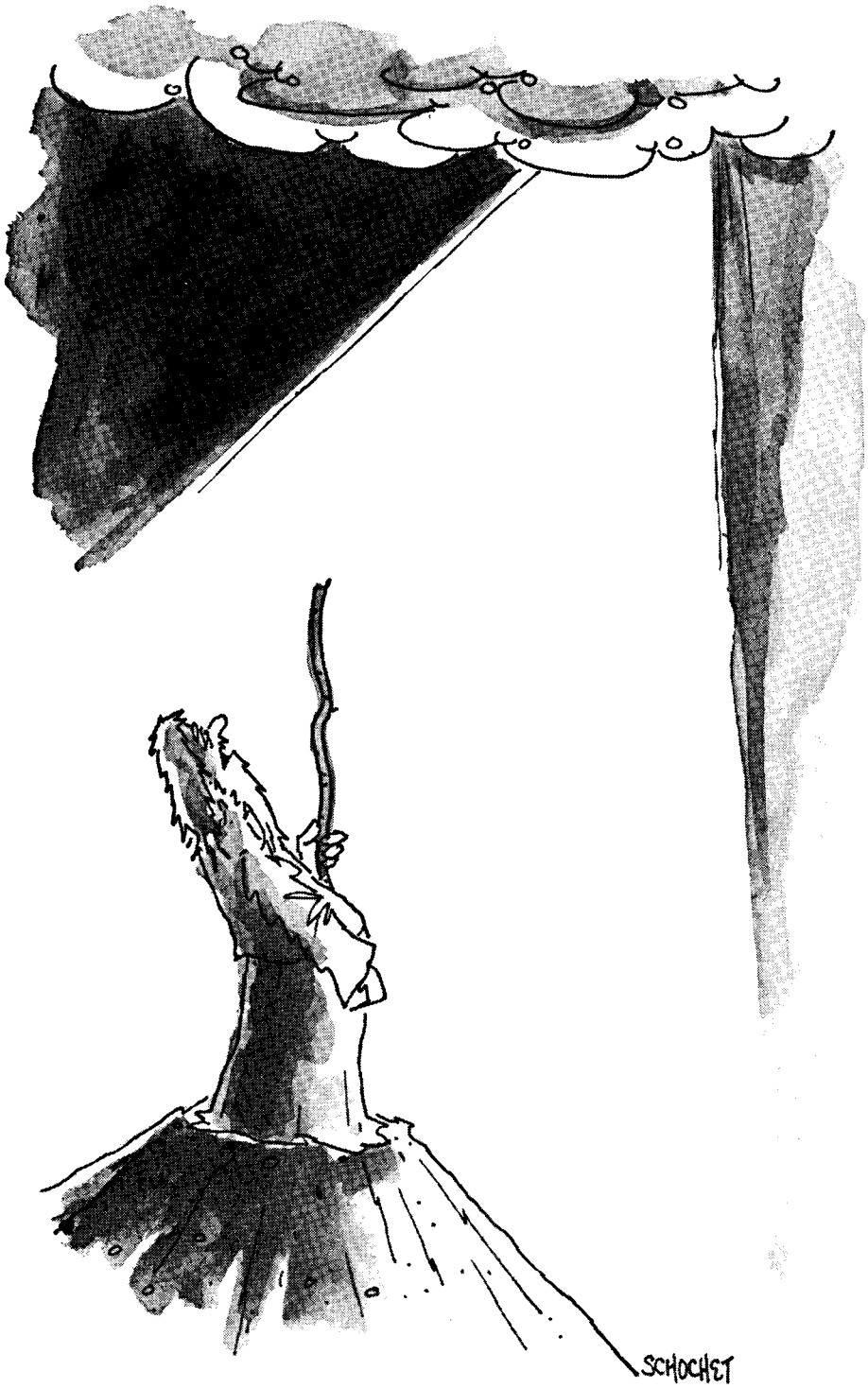
and the stark reality that he would be defeated in the 1864 election by former Gen. George B. McClellan, who Lincoln believed would end the war and allow the South to depart as an independent nation. Can it be that these shopping tours as well as the visits to New York were a form of escape and release from embattled Washington? The emphasis should not be on how much Mary spent for how many of what we may consider unnecessary luxuries, but whether she could afford to do so. Was she spending money the Lincolns did not have and had no way of earning in the near future? Or was she spending money that the Lincolns could afford to pay out, though it might have been wiser to save it against an uncertain future? Congress did not provide the Presidents with funds with which to entertain, not even for visiting royalty or statesmen. After one reception, Mary Lincoln tried to find a department that would absorb the $900 cost and was categorically turned down on all sides!



"Seventy-three percent are in favor of one through five, forty-one percent find six unfair, thirteen percent are opposed to seven, sixty-two percent applauded eight, thirty-seven percent . . ."

Should Mary have spent so much money, even though the family could afford it? Probably not. But who among us can measure the cathartic value of those shopping forays? Every woman, and not a few men, knows what an annealing and curative process it is, in the midst of anxiety, fear, despondency, to go out and spend money that one cannot really afford, for a new hat or set of dishes that one does not really need. Who can tell whether these expenditures did not save her from serious illness?

She made every effort to keep herself in good spirits, and that was a help to the tragically burdened man who was attempting to end a war and keep the nation together. When contrasted with the political savagery with which the Congress refused the President's widow a meager pension of $3000 a year, we must ask ourselves in all conscience: What does Mary's extravagance amount to in the face of men who were among the leaders of our nation, reviling the widow Lincoln to justify their own niggardliness? Compare that sum with those received by our presidential widows today, all of whom were left with affluence.

Sometimes a gratuitous piece of bad luck can bring difficulties in its wake. Such a happening occurred just a few days before Lee's surrender to Grant. It took place across the river from City Point, where Lincoln, the Grants, and a party had gone to watch a review of the Army of the James, under command of General Ord. Mary, who had been thrown from her carriage the year before and had still not fully recovered from the head injury, was put into a wagon that carried her over a mud-pocked road, bumping her head against the hard top and bringing on a severe headache. Next, the driver took a wrong turning and brought Mary to the review grounds almost two hours late. Lincoln, who had not been able to delay the review any longer, was riding on horseback in front of the troops with the attractive wife of General Ord beside him. Mary became angry at what she conceived to be Mrs. Ord's attempt to take her rightful place beside the President and gave the younger woman a tongue-lashing in public.

It was a painful scene and remains

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painful to this day. Not merely because Mary embarrassed herself and the official party but also because this scene, so heartily welcomed by her detractors, gave them the impetus to read history backwards and charge Mrs. Lincoln with always having been a jealous wife. The fact that the charge does not stand up in the court of research has not saved Mary from flagellation over the accusation. She was possessive about Abraham Lincoln, but that is not an unheard-of quality in marriage. She was also fiercely protective of his interests, attempting to shield him from people who were trying to use or exploit him; and their number was legion. This is one of the few public instances of jealousy, and it occurred less than two weeks before the assassination! Fortune can be very cruel.

It is my judgment, after twenty-five years of study of the war of love and hate waged over Mary Lincoln, that a considerable number of commentators have carried backward their impressions from her fevered post-assassination letters to form their judgment of what kind of a wife, mother, and First Lady Mary Lincoln had been before that assassination. There is solid evidence that this kind of prejudiced thinking is continuing to this day.

Another part of the explanation lies in the indefatigable energies and hatred of Lincoln's law partner, William Herndon. Even three years after Mary's death, he was still spewing forth in public such offal about Mary Lincoln as "liar, subject to fits of madness, a tigress, imperious, insolent, a she-wolf, soured, gross, avaricious."

Hate can do no better.

Unless, of course, it is the curious invention of an Ann Rutledge, of Lincoln's love for her . . . the one and only great love of his life. All of this rank nonsense designed to prove that Lincoln never loved his wife!

Why?

The core of the problem, I have come to believe, lies in the world's uncritical, all-encompassing adoration of Abraham Lincoln as something considerably more than a man. In many minds he has made the transition from folk-hero to folk-god, in something of the same process that enveloped Alexander the Great. As a folk-god, it would not have been possible for Abraham Lincoln to have loved a mortal woman, any mortal woman. Had he done so, that would have reduced him in stature. In order to maintain him as the great folk-god, it was necessary to give him a wife who would be the worst and most insupportable wife since Xanthippe. To all of the tragic burdens that Abraham Lincoln had to shoulder during the Civil War, his stature as a folk-god would be enhanced by adding one more ever-present and inescapable burden, Herndon's "female wildcat of the age." The more we beat Mary Lincoln down, the more we raise up Abraham Lincoln, until he towers in the skies above us, a dark, bearded God, giving life to Adam, his American people. The more we hate Mary Lincoln, the more we love an immortal Abraham Lincoln. This is the mystique that has poisoned the pages of history on which the name of Mary Todd Lincoln appears.

This is also the reason why there cannot be today, and perhaps never will be, a final judgment on Mary Lincoln. The uninformed American public has developed a vested interest in their condemnation of her, a confrontation that they cherish and pass down to their children. No one would want an author to walk away from authentic evidence, to touch up or romanticize Mary Lincoln's portrait, to idealize the Lincoln marriage. But is it asking too much of writers who get into public print to be wary of their value judgments, to examine the source materials scientifically, to grasp in its entirety, and with compassion, the picture of the age of Lincoln, and come up with balanced judgments?

Wendell Willkie rightly said that above all he feared the mistakes and misjudgments that get into the blood stream of history and are perpetuated there. □

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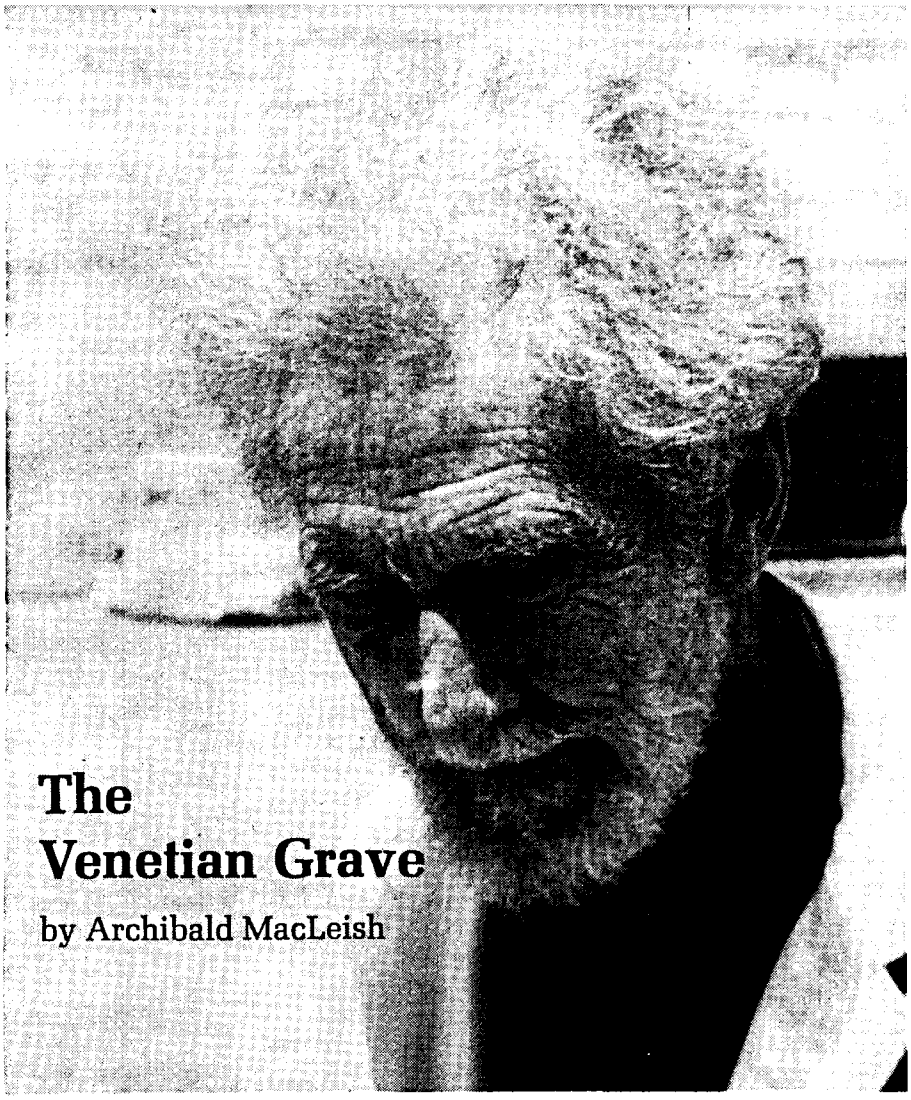

The Venetian Grave

by Archibald MacLeish

Lionello Fabbri: Liaison Agency

Ezra Pound—"A master poet . . . deluded on the central issue of his time."

The obligation of the living to the dead, as the old Greeks knew, is to cleanse the corpse with fire before covering it with earth. "Burn me in my armor," says the shade of Elpenor to Odysseus, "and make a mound for me on the shore of the gray sea in memory of an unhappy man." We should remember those words when we think of Ezra Pound in his Venetian grave.

If ever a dead man needed living men to help him, it is Pound; and if ever a living generation risked misfortune in the failure to perform its duty, it is ours. The dead go on and on in time with the rest of us, and unless they go honestly, unless they go as themselves, as what they really are, we may all be led astray. Think of the ghost of John Keats. For almost a century after that mawkish epitaph* was carved into the stone above his head in the Protestant cemetery in Rome, English poetry and Western thought were haunted by a fraudulent impostor whose voice can still be heard in the sniveling contemporary notion that life is a brutal joke and man its helpless victim and poetry his feeble and self-pitying cry. John Keats, a brave and honest maker, has been misburied.

And so has Ezra Pound, though in a different way. Keats suffered at the hands of others: a generation of unusually stupid critics and a group of friends more fatuous than the friends of poets usually are. Pound, though he has not lacked for stupid critics, suffered not at the hands of others but at his own. It was he himself who invented the dead man who survives him. Where the body carried down the dark canals should have been that of a great and innovative poet, it was instead the body of a man once tried for treason; a man who had defended fascism in strident public broadcasts at the very moment when that unspeakable beastliness had all but conquered the continent of Europe; a man whose name was associated with the most idiotic literary squabble of the age—in brief, the man the television cameras and the newspapers remembered. And that man, though not the truth of Ezra Pound, was Pound's creation.

It is this fabricated man—this mask, to use the fashionable term—we must examine if we wish to do our duty by the dead and by ourselves. Ours is an age, particularly in the United States, when fraud has become a form of government. Fraud and government may exist together but not fraud and art. We can perhaps survive a ruler who deceives us but not a poetry that lies. And Pound, whatever else he may have been, was unarguably a poet. Was he also, then, a traitor?

The answer to that is certain—one of the few self-evident certainties in a cloud of doubt. Pound was brought to trial for treason—for attacking the policy and conduct of his own government on the official radio of a country with which his country was at war—and the constitutional question at the threshold was whether his words and actions constituted the crime with which he was charged. It was a crucial question, given the guarantee of freedom of speech in the First Amendment, but Pound's lawyer decided not to contest the case on that issue but to enter a plea of not guilty by reason of insanity. That plea prevailed, but events were shortly to prove the decision wrong in law, however right it may have been in expediency.

TWENTY-ODD YEARS later, toward the end (if it was the end) of the Vietnam war, a former attorney general of the United States did in Hanoi precisely what Ezra Pound had done in Rome. He attacked the policy and conduct of his own country in the capital of a country with which the United States was at war, and though he did not use the North Vietnamese electronic system to broadcast his charges, the effect on world opinion was the same and far more serious. And yet this former attorney general, though the then government of the United States detested him personally and abhorred his views, was neither tried nor indicted nor even arrested. And for the good and sufficient reason that the right to dissent, the right to criticize, had by then been exercised in time of war by so large a majority of the American people that if wartime criticism was treason, the Republic itself would have had to be indicted. But if the mask of Ezra Pound as traitor is a lying mask, if his indictment by the Department of Justice was an error of law

*"Here lies one whose name was writ in water."

Archibald MacLeish is a distinguished American poet and playwright.

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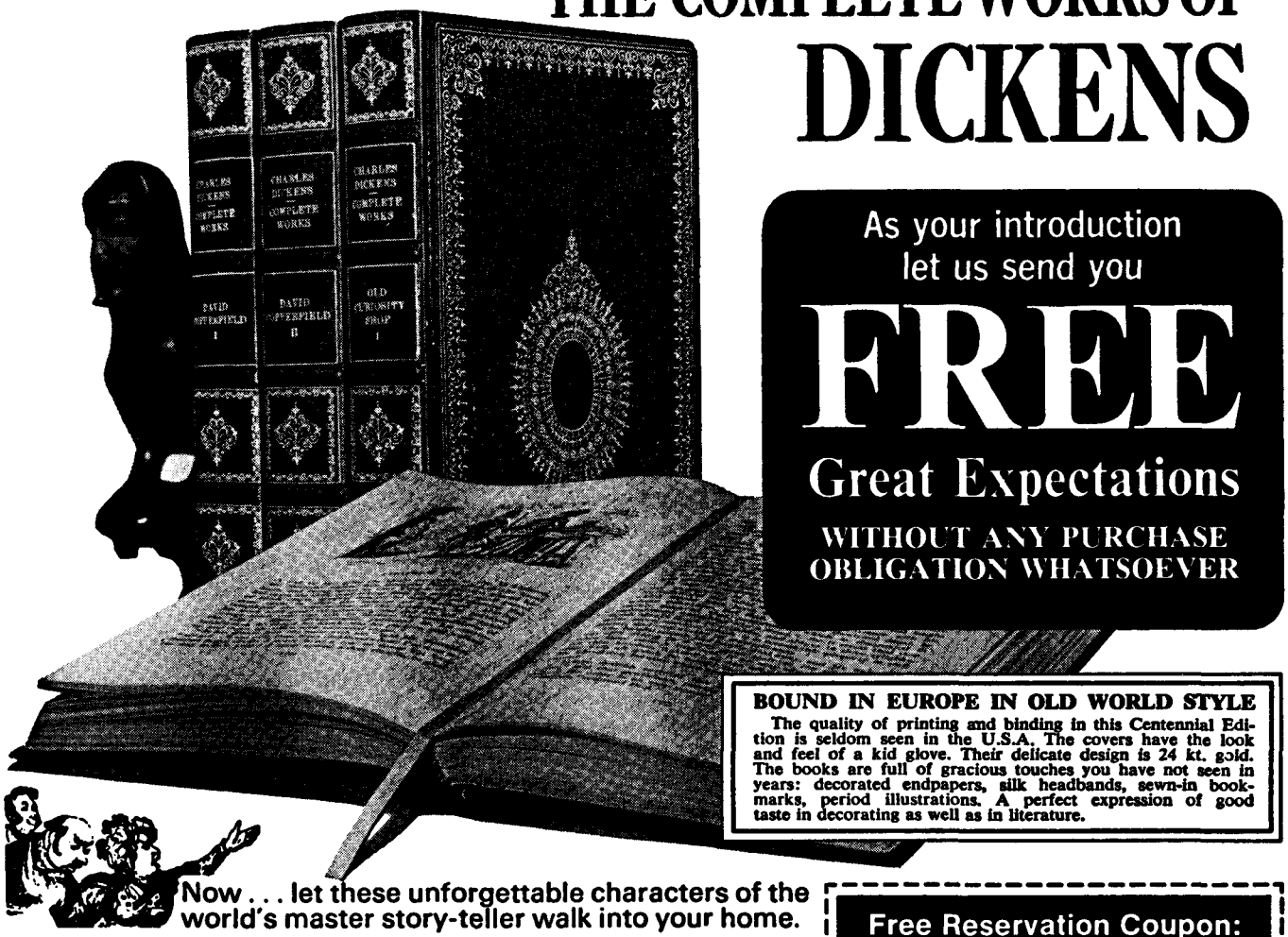

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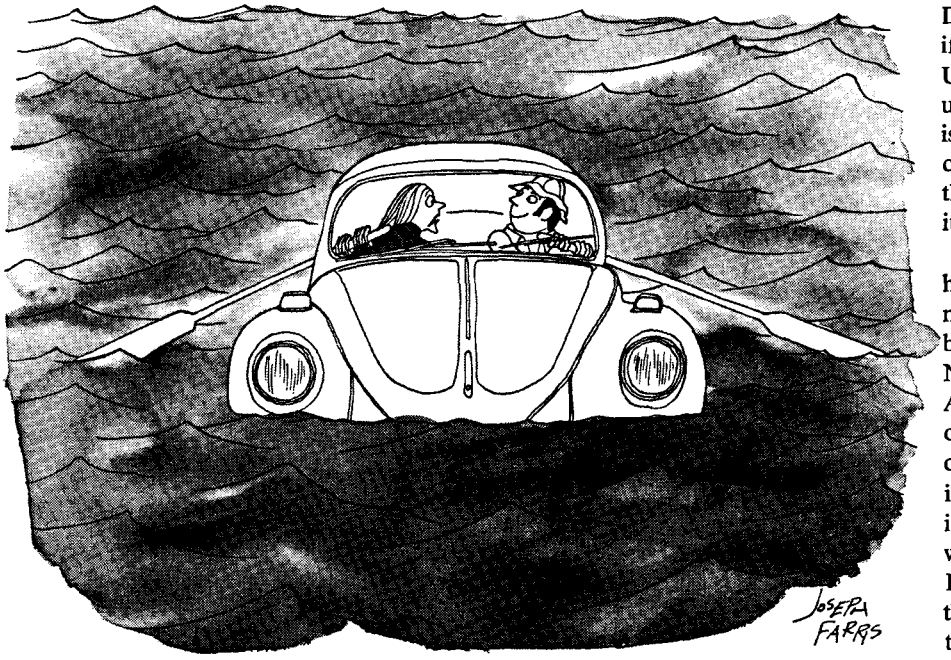
and his attorney's plea of insanity an error in tactics and his incarceration in St. Elizabeth's a miscarriage of justice, what shall be said of the second mask this dead man wears? If he was not a traitor, was he, as is constantly said, a Fascist? That he was an admirer of the Fascist government of Italy is obvious. That he was often anti-Semitic is only too clear. That he never protested against the nasty little triumphs of Mussolini in Ethiopia and Spain or the monstrous behavior of Hitler in Germany or even the Gestapo terror and torture in Paris—that he never protested against any of this (only against the decision of his own country to put a stop to it) is sadly true. But was he a Fascist? Certainly he never thought he was. He thought of himself, as his books prove, as an old-line American Jeffersonian, a believer in the American Republic as its founders conceived it, and though his notions of that Republic would have astonished Mr. Jefferson, Mr. Adams, and Mr. Franklin, there is no reason to doubt that he honestly held them. He was even able to find common bonds between Mussolini and Jefferson and to relate the Social Credit notions of his friend Major Douglas to the economic history of the United States.

In the old Red-hunting days of Sen. Joe McCarthy, American newspapers used to talk about "conscious" Communists, "card-carrying" Communists. Certainly Pound was never a Fascist of either variety. But how then are the Roman broadcasts to be explained? Quite simply, I think, by that peculiar naiveté that is the occupational disease of intellectuals: that infatuation with ideas at the expense of experience that compels experience to conform to bookish preconceptions. Pound was widely if not deeply read, but his experience of the world was thin. His own country he knew only through the veil of print—largely historical print. Having spent all his adult life abroad, he knew nothing of the crucial American decades from 1914 on: the disillusionment that followed the First World War, the cynicism and shoddiness of the Twenties, the agony of the Great Depression, the social revolution that followed, the grim decision forced on the country by the rise of Hitler.

AND THE SAME THING was true in other terms of the European countries in which he lived during those years. He adjusted the facts to his theories. He read but did not see. Insofar as fascism fitted his preconceptions he admired it: What did not fit he merely ignored. By the time of the Roman broadcasts he must have been the only intelligent man left in Europe who did not understand what a Nazi conquest of the world would mean to art and human decency and everything else he loved, including civilization itself. Which means, not that he was himself a Fascist, but simply that he was an intellectual capable of the intellectual's characteristic mistakes: a total misreading of his own time. Like his Hugh Selwyn Mauberley, he was "wrong from the start," but not, as in Mauberley's case, for aesthetic reasons. Rather for personal reasons: wrong as a human being. Any man who could make a religion of Social Credit in the lifetime of Adolf Hitler and fix his mind on usury as the key to the world's ills must be written down as naive, to put it as kindly as possible. And when the same man goes on in the same lifetime of this same Adolf Hitler to equate usury with the Jews—to make the Jews a symbol of the crime of usury—the naiveté becomes something else and worse: unspeakably worse. To be wrong is a fault in a poet as in anyone else—worse in a poet because a poet's business is to see—but to be wrong, even to be monstrously wrong, is not the same thing as to be Fascist, and Pound, at least in his death, is entitled to the distinction.

But there is a third mask in addition to the Fascist jowl and the traitor's smirk: the literary domino bestowed by the great fracas that followed the award to Pound of the Bollingen Prize while he was still incarcerated in St. Elizabeth's Hospital in Washington, D.C. This mask can only be examined in the light of its history. What happened, briefly, was that a group of his friends, including a number of the most distinguished American poets of the time, conceived the idea of a new national prize for poetry to be awarded by the Library of Congress through a jury of notables who would select Pound as the first recipient, thus dramatizing his situation and putting the government, and particularly the Department of Justice, in an awkward if not untenable position. The Soviet Union had not, at that time, begun the use of mental institutions to silence artists and intellectuals, but the possibilities of such a practice were evident even then. The conscience of mankind would, it was hoped, take fire.

And it did, but not the conscience hoped for. The excited reaction came not from the defenders of human liberty but from the patrioteers of what Mr. Nixon was to call the Silent Majority. And the issue raised was not the justice of Pound's incarceration but the justice of the award of a national prize to a man indicted for treason. No one had realized how many poetry societies there were in the Republic until the Bollingen Prize was established nor how many of their members held views not only about the art but also about its relation to such academically unfashionable attributes as



"All right, Larry, so what if the VW is airtight?"

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virtue. A New York critic of the time would rather have been silent than discuss the relation of a poet's work to his merits as a man, but innumerable letters to the editor began to argue precisely that question in small newspapers and large across the country, and the general conclusion was fairly unanimous.

It was that pious outburst that brought the deluge. Critics and intellectuals, particularly those who thought of themselves as constituting the avant-garde, rushed to the defense of Pound in a roar of rage. Excellence in poetry, they informed the yokels, had nothing to do with right-mindedness or morality or patriotism or anything else but excellence in poetry. A criminal or a pervert, a pimp or a pederast, could be as good a poet as John Milton and probably better, and as for fascism, look at D'Annunzio! Nothing very intelligent was said about the reasons for all this, nor did anyone ask where it left the art of poetry —but the effect was overwhelming. And so was the harm to Pound. No one bothered to ask what Pound thought: It was simply taken for granted that he must believe in an aesthetic that would justify his political aberrations, a poetry to which the human world, the moral world, the historical world, is irrelevant. And the consequence was that the dead man who was carried down the dark canal was, in addition to everything else, a dilettante.

Of all the lying masks, this, of course, is the most palpably fraudulent. Pound was one of the inventors of modern poetry: in retrospect, one must say, the principal inventor. And modern poetry, which is still the poetic achievement of the century, is a poetry committed to the human world, to the historical world, the moral world, as Yeats's work after *Responsibilities* proves and Eliot's *Waste Land* and Perse and Neruda and Seferis and the rest of those enduring names, with Pound's not last or least. The nearest thing we have, either in prose or verse, to a moral history of our tragic age is the *Cantos* of Ezra Pound, that descent, not into Dante's hell, but into our own. And the greatest contribution our century has made to the enrichment of the tradition of poetry is the translation of that most human poetry, the Chinese: a work in which Pound played an impressive and influential part. To bury this man as a dilettante is a distortion of the truth indeed.

So we are left at the end, as so often in tragic life, with a dilemma. We can burn this dead man's bones clean of the taint of treason and clean off the reek of dilettantism, but the flaw of the Roman broadcasts still remains. There is no use pretending, as some still do, that Pound was insane when all that happened. The *Pisan Cantos* were written afterward, and it was in those later years that he himself saw clearly where the fault had been. He was not mad in any meaningful sense of the word when he ranted on the Fascist radio. But he was deluded: deluded on the central issue of his time. His fame must suffer for it as he suffered. But the suffering should be just. The Venetian grave holds neither fool nor traitor but, like Elpenor's, an unhappy man . . . who was a poet also . . . a master poet for whom a mound should now be raised on the shore of the gray sea. □

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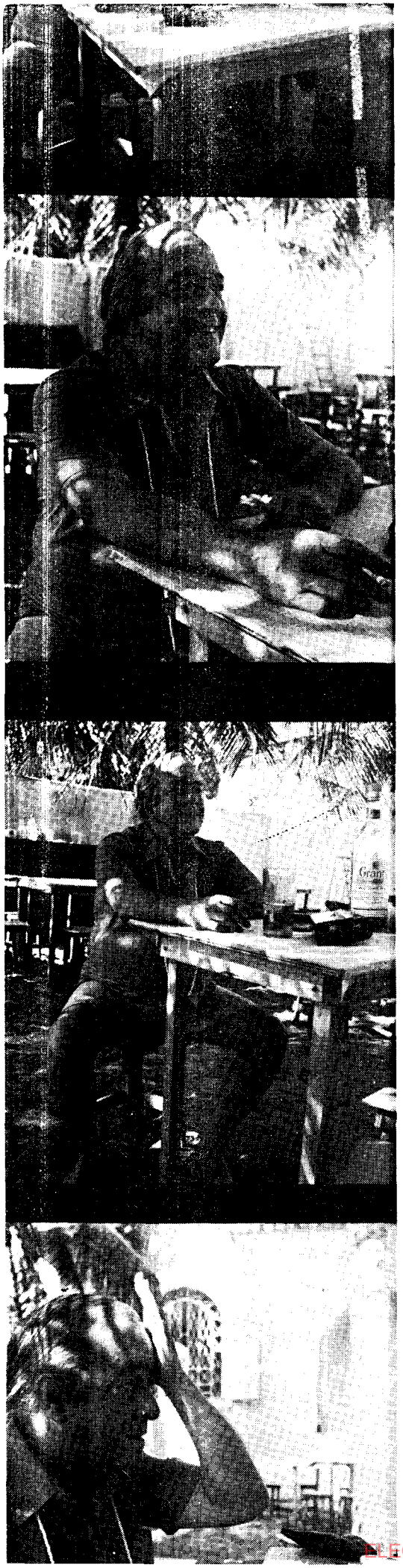

Selden Rodman

The Ageless Troubadour, Vinícius de Moraes

by Selden Rodman

"You must see Vinícius," Pablo Neruda said to me when I told him I was going to Brazil, and gave me a letter to him, a purple scrawl on green paper, which I still have. I still have the letter because that year the ageless troubadour had just taken off on a grand tour with a young girl who wanted to see Italy.

Two years later—in 1972—I was to have better luck. This time the author of the famous scenario for *Black Orpheus* was in a little fishing village near Salvador do Bahia, rehearsing his troupe.

Days later, when I had gotten to know him well, Vinícius asked me what my first impression of him had been. "Petronius!" I said. "Perhaps from the toga effect of your bathing trunks and red bathrobe, and perhaps because I'd expected a tall, romantic type, slightly blasé from the *réclame* of café society—which you certainly are not." Nor is there anything at all cynical or debauched in the poet, who gives, on the contrary, an impression of complete dedication to his calling and of natural simplicity and warmth in his relations with everyone. He wears heavy, black-rimmed glasses, but the Roman impression was perhaps enhanced by Vinícius's physical characteristics—he is short, with a paunch, and his iron-gray hair is tied in back in a ponytail—and by the setting: all those lovely singers and handsome young musicians with long hair, reclining on deck chairs, listening to bossa nova from the master's tape recorder.

DURING OUR SECOND afternoon, we sat out back on the patio, where little wooden tables and chairs are set in the sand, under cover, just short of the beach. Vinícius, who has the reputation of being a heavy drinker, placed a bottle of Scotch between us; but he hardly touched it. His young wife, a beautiful mulatto from Bahia, Brazil's most "African" state, joined us for a few minutes. She speaks no English. I asked Vinícius about Waldo Frank.

"He was the biggest influence in my youth," Vinícius said. "Not his novels, but his personality and his social idealism. We traveled together in '45 all over Brazil, which otherwise I might never have seen. He'd been badly beaten up by the Argentine fascists. He was fearless, but I was detached from my diplomatic training to be his bodyguard, lest they follow him to Brazil. I saw crime and sexual degradation and poverty for the first time. Within thirty days I was no longer a boy, no longer a citizen of the upper middle class, prepared by their priesthood to be a good rightist. I swung full circle. My vision was never the same again."

"You're still a leftist, Vinícius?"

"I still believe in democracy and social justice for the little man, if that's the definition," he replied, "and I oppose authoritarian censorship as best I can. At our International Festival of Music last year, I was one of the fifteen composers who refused to accept the censorship. Up to then, they were finding a double meaning in the most harmless lyrics. We won out and had the censorship lifted—in part, they say, because the decision went all the way up to President Médici, and he was annoyed by the censors' stupidity."

"Does racial integration work both ways in Brazil, Vinícius? I mean, white men are attracted to black women as always; but do white girls have affairs with black men?"

"Only in this state of Bahia," Vinícius said. "In Rio or São Paulo the *machismo* of the white elite is too strong, as in the Spanish-speaking countries. They're too underdeveloped, culturally, to permit it. Bahia is more telluric, more in harmony with deep ancestral roots."

I told him about the great experience I'd had here three years ago, participating in the rites of Yemanja, the sea goddess, and how surprised I had been to find the dancing, the drumming, and the symbolism of the transplanted African deities virtually identical to Haitian

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Selden Rodman is a major American poet, anthologist, and literary critic. The interview with Vinícius is from Tongues of Fallen Angels, *to be published in the spring by New Directions.*

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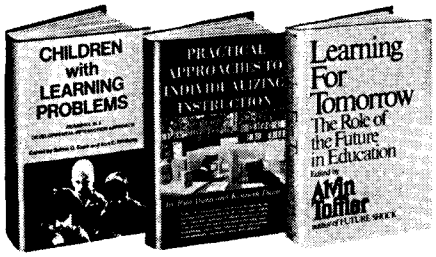
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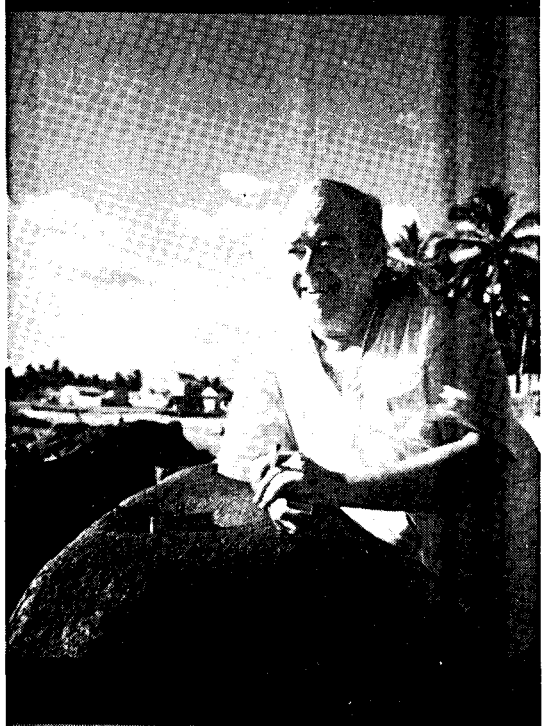

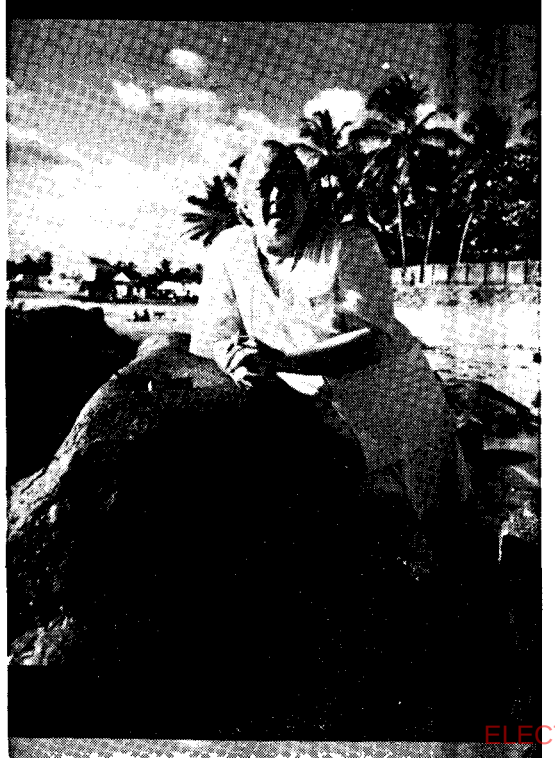

vaudun. They call the rites *candomblé* here, *makumba* or *umbanda* in the regions of Rio and São Paulo. Vinícius is a believer.

"You've been possessed?" I asked him.

"No. I haven't had that privilege yet. If you don't have either the Catholic or the African background, it's hard to be totally involved. But I think that here possession is less crucial than in Haitian *vaudun*—from what you tell me. The purest believer I know is my priestess, Menininha do Gautois. She's eighty years old and has never been possessed. She never had to be. She's had the powers from birth!

"Since I met her," he went on, "my life has changed. My songs, my poetry, got stronger, too. I'll give an example." He sang and then translated:

Voce que sabe demais
Meu Pai mandou lle dizer
Que o tempo tendo desfaz
Que a morte nunca estudou
E a vida nat sabe ler.

O you who know too much,
My Father asked me to tell you
That time corrodes everything,
That death has never studied
And life doesn't know how to read.

"I call Menininha on the telephone from Rio, and she never fails me. It's a religion that makes one responsible for oneself. You're not guilty for being born, but only for not responding to the normal obligations of a human being. Menininha calls me 'Father' because my god, Oxala, is more powerful than hers, Oxossi, the hunter."

"What made Oxala your god, Vinícius?"

"The shells, the sea shells, which are fanned out on the table and interpreted, as in Africa—where they once served as money, too. They tell which god-saint is yours. When you are inhabited by bad spirits, your priestess 'washes' you symbolically with herbs, sacrifices doves and goats, and so on, and your innocence, your self-confidence, returns."

Vinícius had borrowed the typescript of an anthology of British poetry I was working on. "I was up reading it until 7:00 A.M.," he said, "and I'm still stunned by Chaucer's prologue to the *Canterbury Tales,* which I'd forgotten, and by your translation of Langland, a poet I didn't know at all. Poetry is the most humble and humbling of the arts, isn't it?"

"In what sense?"

"Because it's life. Everyone can do it."

"You were starting to tell me the other day about *Black Orpheus—Orfeu da Conceicao* was the original title."

"Right. 'Orpheus Jones,' you might say in English. I was sitting in my room in Rio, in Niteroi to be exact, and somewhere in the distance the Batucada drums were beating their samba rhythms. I was reading a French anthology of classical myths. Suddenly—*boing!*—the two ideas connected. I finished act 1 as the dawn was breaking. Then—it was my first play—I got stuck.

"Act 2 came to me later, in Los Angeles. I was trying to avoid a literal descent into Hades, and I remembered the *carioca* Carneval. In Rio there are Negro dance halls they call *gafieras,* and one of them took the name Hell's Angels. There, among the masked ones, my Orpheus would seek his Euridice! . . . And I wrote the third act in L.A., too, but lost it in the uproar of separating from Tatti (Beatríz), my first wife. Temporarily I gave up. But then one day in São Paulo, João Cabral de Melo Neto, with his infectious enthusiasm, insisted that I rewrite it to enter the play in the city's centennial drama competition. I hate competitions, but I agreed and typed it on the rocking train, finishing it just an hour before the entries closed. I shared first prize. Oscar Niemeyer did his first (and last) décor for it, and that helped. But as for the movie version, well, you've seen it. It won an Oscar and the Palme d'Or at Cannes, but Marcel Camus really spoiled it with his exoticism, what the French call *bon sauvage,* and it turned out to be just a good commercial film. Now they talk of making an opera of it in New York. . . . Which reminds me that bossa nova originated in *Orpheus.*"

"Could you explain that?"

"Very complicated. António Carlos Jobím played the piano and guitar in it. It gave him the opportunity to develop his musical ideas for the first time. He discovered the 'new beat,' shortcircuiting the immense contrapuntal complexities of the old Brazilian-African samba style."

"How did samba itself start?"

"It started after slavery was abolished in Brazil in 1888. Before that the blacks used only percussion. The waltz, polka, fox-trot, and so on created a syncretism that was samba."

"And their language? How much of the African survived in that?"

"Ketu survives to this day, in the god talk that goes on while the shells are

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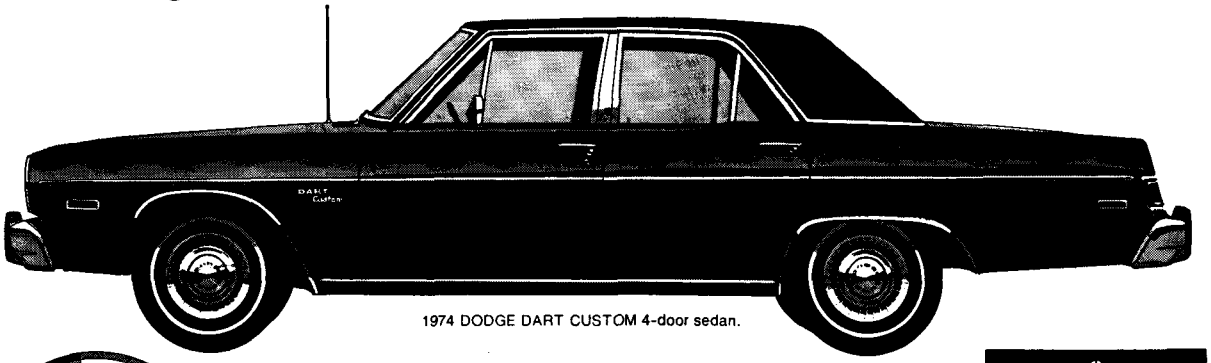

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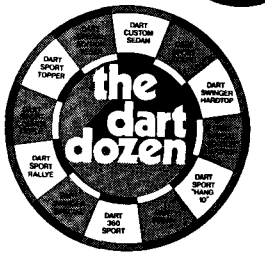

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being shuffled. Ketu is the language of Portuguese Angola still."

VINÍCIUS WAS BORN, he told me, on October 19, 1913, at Gavea in Rio. (His present home is in that district of the former capital.) "My poet father," he said, "was my first great influence. At six I was reading anthologies and writing pastiches of our famous poets. Father was a Latinist. I was born the year *Quo Vadis?* appeared, so they named me after its hero, Marcus Vinícius, and my sister Lygia after the heroine."

I reminded him of my first impression of him, and he laughed. "Very apt! Petronius was a character in Sienkiewicz's novel, too!"

"Tell me something about your poetic roots, Vinícius," I said. "How good, actually, are the Portuguese poets, by world standards? And the Brazilians before your generation?"

"There are two major Portuguese poets," he said. "Camoëns and Fernando Pessoa, who died in the late Thirties, a poet of Lorca's stature or Machado's. As for Brazil, well, we have certainly *more* very good poets than Portugal. Carlos Drummond and João Cabral are probably the most original; but Mário Andrade, who died in 1945, was almost as good. He and his brother Oswaldo and Manuel Bandeira were our pioneer modernists. My first book appeared in 1933. It was mystical, esoteric, metaphysical, very personal. The anguish it expressed was the residue of my false education—not that my family weren't lovable people and idealistic and intelligent. But they were unaware of the prejudices of their class: Catholic, bourgeois, rightist. The critics who loved my first book (I already hated it) praised it for returning to the classical verities. My second book—*Forma e Exegese,* what a title!—won the Felipe d'Oliveira prize in 1935. It was deeply influenced by Rimbaud—the esthetics of seeing what no one else dares see, as expressed in his famous nineteen-year-old letter to his teacher. All the *poets maudits* were my heroes, along with Pascal, Nietzsche, Baudelaire, and Kierkegaard. At Oxford I started my *Five Elegies* (the fifth is partly in English). The influence of the English poets was crucial in making my verse clearer, more communicative—at least I hope it's become so! My guiding stars from that time on were the ultimate simplicities of such poets as Blake, St. Teresa, John of the Cross, Garsillaso de la Vega."

"The process of creation is like a reverse abyss: The idea is to see how much you can reveal as you make the plunge down through it—or up!"

Vinícius was rehearsing his troupe when I arrived at Itapoán for my last visit with him. The song they were singing was an adaptation of the post-Gesualdo composer Albinoni. Vinícius was sitting in an armchair at the head of the long dining-room table, as always, with his typewriter in front of him, his long-haired, bearded musician-disciples, in their bathing trunks, dashikis, or whatever, ranged on either side with their various instruments. When he'd finished rehearsing the song, Vinícius suggested we move to the patio to talk. I agreed on the condition that he'd return and sing my favorite (among those I'd heard on records), "The Apprentice Poet."

When we were seated outside, I asked him what differentiates Brazilian poetry from Spanish—"other than the language, of course."

"The roots are the same," Vinícius answered. "It's our racial mixture that accounts for our real identity. Gregorio de Matos, a great black poet of the seventeenth century, was the first to curse and use bad words. Then came Castro Alvez, a white Bahian of the time of Emancipation who died at the age of twenty-four."

"What do you conceive poetry's function to be, Vinícius?" I said. "I mean, should it communicate primarily, or be a self-contained work of art?"

"Both," he replied. "Poetry is in the air, but only a few have the capacity to give it form. Non-poets have a great nostalgia to be poets, don't you think?

"In the beginning," Vinícius went on, "I wrote *l'art pour l'art,* or thought I did. Now I feel the world needs poetry so badly I *must* communicate—and in the simplest (but not simplified) terms. The process of creation is like a reverse abyss: The idea is to see how much you can reveal as you make the plunge down through it—or up!"

"What's your vision of Brazil's future?"

"The fact that we're a country of such vast resources—and, now, industrial development—is a real danger to our retaining our special character and becoming civilized. For we are a sensual, pleasure-loving people, and we (the *carioca* of Rio especially) have a great sense of humor about ourselves. Brazil is *bound* to redemocratize itself. The style of Brazilians is wholly antithetical to authoritarianism or any form of repression. But then, one would have to admit that our style has been antithetical to the methods of *any* Brazilian government, except perhaps Kubitschek's.

"For all his bad hangers-on—and he was surrounded by them at times—Kubitschek turned Brazil upside down in his administration and let our inner resources out."

"Do you see values in the world in general becoming more ephemeral, Vinícius?"

"They certainly are becoming more ephemeral, but the revolution of youth is bringing the world's attention back to what is *rough,* handmade, nonviolent, lasting. Nevertheless I always tell my young friends, 'It's easy to be a revolutionary at your age.' It's natural to youth: All youth is a state of revolt. But the hard thing is to be a revolutionary ten years later when you're in a position of some responsibility. 'Never drop out or join a commune' is my advice. That's self-indulgence. Teach others how to be truly revolutionary in their thinking, their living, their loving."

The time had come to leave. The time had come to hear Vinícius sing "The Apprentice Poet." We walked back to the long table where Toquiño and the others were waiting. Vinícius, to their accompaniment, chanted, the big toe of his right foot keeping time as his fingers drummed his bare knee below the typewriter:

He was a boy
Goatlike and bold
With the natural joy
Of a healthy climber:
Ten years old
With wings for socks,
You could track his orbit
By the plic-plocs
Of his slingshot gunning.
Eyes clear green
As lightning, stunning
Here a tangerine,
There a ball.
His dark body
Was always running.
He'd jump a high wall
With never a fall
By night. His swandive
Would slice the water
Noiselessly. Rocking
By day his foot ball
(A bulging stocking)
He'd dribble or groove
From wing to wing.
What he loved was to love. . . . □

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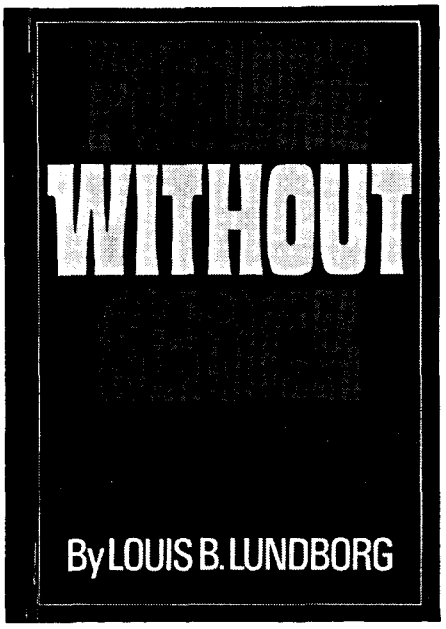

Diary of a Sea Change

FUTURE WITHOUT SHOCK
by Louis B. Lundborg
W. W. Norton, 155 pp., $6.95

Reviewed by Hallowell Bowser

A critic once said of T. S. Eliot, "He was born middle-aged, and has been growing older ever since." The same might well have been said, until recently, about Louis B. Lundborg.

Born into Middle American respectability, Lundborg made all the right moves, rose in the corporate scale, and by the late Sixties was no less than Board Chairman of the Bank of America. By his own wry confession, Chairman Lundborg felt more than a little smug about himself and the system that had shaped him.

Then came the near-fall: In 1970, counterculture activists rose up and tried to destroy the bank root and branch—their rallying cry being that banks are the evil embodiment of an evil capitalist system. Though the activists never quite got at the root, they did rip off a branch: They firebombed and gutted the bank's Isla Vista office, near the University of California's Santa Barbara campus. Then they turned to an even more awesome weapon than firebombs —a broad-spectrum, word-of-mouth boycott aimed at the parent bank itself.

The boycott fizzled, of course. But *Future Without Shock* is not the story of how the anti-bank movement failed. It is, rather, an engaging account of how that movement touched and changed Lundborg. Above all, it taught him, to his considerable surprise, that bankers and activists alike need to bend, to grow, to open wide their mental and emotional iris diaphragms.

WHEN THE ANTI-BANK REBELLION flared in 1970, Lundborg and his board flared right back, denouncing the activists immoderately. Then common sense took over: Lundborg set up a Stock Exchange Club luncheon with a young boycott leader, to sound him out on just what all the fuss and feathers was about.

Inevitably, the young man turned up with (gulp!) hair down to here. But Lundborg gamely saw the luncheon through. (Sample wisecrack from a Stock Exchange crony the next day: "Louis, was that your son eating lunch with you—or your daughter?")

But in fact the luncheon had proved an eye-opener, with stiffness soon melting into something like wonder: ". . . I would not trade that day for anything I did in that whole year," Lundborg writes, "for out of that luncheon visit grew . . . an introduction into the new world of youth culture that, a few weeks before, I had scarcely known existed."

Later, Lundborg had earnest, stormy, exhilarating talks with all sorts of previously unthinkable demi-world types: Chicanos, blacks, dropouts, rich-kid revolutionaries, and assorted youth-culture people. (He pretty much liked them all—especially a breezy young Chicano named Raul, who grinned at him and confided, "You're a nice guy, but you're part of a dead system. Your days are numbered.")

Out of it all came Lundborg's continuing present effort to expand, humanize, *oxygenate* that area of the system in which he has some say. He has helped to initiate creative minority-hiring policies at the bank, and is in the thick of major social programs set up in adjacent communities. Withal, Lundborg still believes firmly, though now not so didactically, that the system is solid and viable, granted needed reforms.

Here, some hard questions: Is Lundborg for real? Does he seriously believe all this? Or is *Future Without Shock* a book written by a cynic who, trying to stave off future boycotts, is pretending sympathy with the youth culture?

One reviewer's reaction to these questions: Lundborg rings true. His newfound outlook seems honestly grounded in humanistic conviction, not in fear of new boycotts. Anyway, the gun-to-head thesis is by now a bit hollow: The young activists' primal rage at the system tailed off sharply once the threat of being drafted disappeared. Rioting has today given way to navel-gazing, whoring after strange gods, and other exotic pastimes hardly calculated to make bank chairmen blanch and cry uncle.

But whichever he is—reformer, dupe, or prophet—Lundborg has produced a lively, future-affirming "confession" that will likely boggle minds on both sides of the generation abyss. □

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Books

Playpens for the Mind

THIS WAY OUT: A GUIDE TO ALTERNATIVES TO TRADITIONAL COLLEGE EDUCATION
by John Coyne and Tom Hebert
E. P. Dutton, 468 pp., $10

Reviewed by Samuel McCracken

Now is the time of year at which that peculiar fever of anxiety comes upon a certain number of families in the American middle class: the time at which thoughts are all too intensely focused on the probable behavior of the country's leading colleges. In latter years this anxiety has been, if not tempered, then somewhat redirected by an ever-widening preoccupation with the question of what higher education is *for* in the first place. To attempt to think wisely about schools puts us squarely in the realm of educational theory itself. And in this connection it seems very much worth taking a long look at a book which is not new but which, considering the seductions its general outlook has already worked upon the popular mind, has perhaps been left too much to the discussion of education experts.

As it happens, educational theory nearly always makes unpleasant reading; and this book is not the rare exception. Glistering with the glib and sparkly jargon of neo-progressive educationism, its facile and confused dogmatism resembles nothing so much as an old-time educationist text, written by education professors and to be read by their unfortunate (and, one hopes, cynical) students. It differs from other such books primarily in its choice of gimmick (books on educationism always have a panacean gimmick, and here it is independent study), but such books always differ in this matter. One thing you can say for the texts of yesteryear is that their influence was limited largely to the education colleges; but the neo-progressives do a good deal better than that, their most successful spokesmen—people like John Holt—having become media standbys. Worse than that, their influence in higher education is just now greatest in what was once the heartland of resistance to educationism, the liberal-arts colleges.

Samuel McCracken is an author and critic who has written widely on current problems of education.

The evaluations that John Coyne and Tom Hebert make of colleges start off well, for the account of Fordham's experimental Bensalem, which they actually visited, shows that they are willing to weigh a highly touted experiment and find it wanting. The report is, in its grim way, entirely delicious, relying heavily, as it does, on quotations from the unfortunate wretches who make up the student body and faculty: "I don't want to talk about Bensalem, if you don't mind. The place is a zoo, you understand. A real zoo. I'm leaving. . . . They oughta shut the place down, really. It's only ruining lives. People come here and go crazy." But when they come to the evaluation proper, the statement has all the gaseousness one associates with educationism of yore: "We can't recommend this college. The next year or so we see it going through dramatic changes and developments. We think it will close."

> "The theory pervading *This Way Out* . . . contains a definitively third-rate census of fashion on the frontiers of higher education."

This is about the last experimental kitchen to draw less than a single star. As one moves on, it becomes increasingly hard to believe that the evaluations are connected to the reports. At Goddard, they found "only the occasional student happy . . . and they [sic] invariably had been on the campus just a few weeks . . . usually transfer students . . . from a worse location. Those who had been around awhile were bitter, disappointed, and withdrawing from the scene . . . *like most students in experimental colleges.* . . . We did at Goddard find these waves of guilt, self-hatred, and paralysis of will. . . . A year or so ago, the villager who ran an illegal still on campus got drunk one night and killed himself driving home. *His last words, fixing blame, were 'I got it at Goddard.'* " The emphasis is mine. Goddard sounds like a good place to avoid, yes? No. "Recommendation: We like Goddard, like its setting and its history of innovation in education. . . . You can get what they used to call a good liberal education."

One is left to ponder seriously the responsibility of those who take on the task of advising the young and carry it out so frivolously. The rest of the book does not reassure. The authors are incompetent at putting schools in the categories they have set up, but that is minor compared to their ignorant cocksureness.

They are full of praise for Mt. Angel College in Oregon, which they "push," to use their own disgusting metaphor, because of its prospective expansion and stability. The Mt. Angel of reality continues to lose students, has lost its accreditation, and has recently re-opened as a two-year college catering primarily to Chicanos. The other day its president resigned, effective forthwith. (As long as we are in Oregon, I should point out that the cheap little sneers at Reed College with which the book is peppered seem grounded on massive ignorance motivated by petty malice. Reed is the only college in the country to rate such treatment; it must be doing something right.)

The ultimate frivolity comes in the evaluation of St. John's of Annapolis and Santa Fe. One would expect that institution to be a particular black beast to these two frivols, for it not only oppresses students by making them all take the same curriculum but also forces them to read boring and irrelevant stuff by some dead Greek guys. Coyne and Hebert like that just fine, for lo! St. John's is where Hebert always wanted to go to college, although Coyne doubts that he would have made it through.

The book is simply a shabby and exploitative guide to radical education, and there's no novelty in that: I can think of at least one such book more repellent (if cheaper) than *This Way Out*. Since the state of innovation must be flux, the wise will consult cicerones more undatable than mere books.

THE THEORY pervading *This Way Out*, however irrelevant to its judgments, is, even so, worth examining, for it contains a definitively third-rate census of fashion on the frontiers of higher education. The authors are unreservedly in favor of what they call external degrees, i.e., those granted to non-resident students. Such degrees grew up at the University of London, where, after appropriate examination and thesis, they were granted to students who had been educated at independent colleges, i.e., schools not authorized to confer degrees. As used these days, the term does not sharply distinguish between external-degree programs and diploma mills. Now that Antioch College (which Coyne and Hebert unforgivably fail to note as Alex Portnoy's alma mater) has gone into the franchising game, its San Fran-

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cisco location, Antioch/West, will arrange a correspondence degree (from Yellow Springs) for a year's work and about $3500. No doubt the best degrees taken under this scheme stack up with the best in conventional schemes, but the potential for abuse seems immense. The "work" for such a degree, it appears, could be one's gainful employment, so long as it can be called educational.

There is probably nothing utterly depraved about the new sort of external degree, for one can imagine that some students will make more of it than of a normal residence. But, as seen here, it oozes ironies. Hebert and Coyne are very high on the CLEP program of the Educational Testing Service, whereby an aspirant humanist can earn college credit by taking a multiple-choice test and showing that he knows that Casals and Piatigorsky are cellists, not *Heldentenore*, and so forth. One can imagine the sort of contempt a trendy would show a residential college that treated such a machine-scored inventory of cultural small talk as a warrant of an educated intelligence. But dress it up in the false beard of innovationism, and the practice is a nifty sample of the Future Now. In general, the innovators approved of by Coyne and Hebert go the conventional school one better in rewarding the time-server. If tradition is too ready to confuse a mechanically acquired list of credits with education, the trendies make the same error with regard to collections of tuition receipts, proof of having existed in a specific time and place.

Implicit in all that are the assumptions that all learning (e.g., of bad habits, of detestable attitudes, of the false) is equally desirable, that students are competent to judge their own cases, that an education is whatever one wants to do tonight, Marty, and that it is possible to demonstrate the intellectual quality of a scheme by citing the impressive term-paper titles people write under it.

Such preposterous notions can long be entertained only by the ignorant and the stupid, or by those who have lived too long among people convinced that college is four years' support too often blighted by degree requirements. Such people are a tiny minority of those enrolled in colleges and universities, but they tend to cluster like coffee grounds in the better schools, where their demoralized condition provides an excuse to declare pedagogical states of emergency. Hebert and Coyne would be happiest if the better organized among them could live off campus and rely on the college to provide volunteer gurus from their faculties. The model is essentially parasitic, although it probably sees the beneficiaries as especially deserving, rather than mistletoe among the ivy; it is a plausible enough view for Hebert and Coyne, the sort of snobs who call Richmond, Indiana, unlivable because it is full of horrid people who work in factories. But perhaps there is no great harm in the arrangement, as long as it remains an agreement among consenting adults. Were it no more than tolerating such liaisons, even ceding some academic territory to establish downright playpens, one could ignore books like this, and the phenomena they murkily report. But the childish logic is beginning to spread wetly from the playpens into the schools for grown-ups. The time may come when the rot has consumed capacity beyond the excess, and we may begin to know what it is to live in a technological society that has turned its back on higher education. □

Answer to *Literary Crypt* (see page 12). Faith . . . an illogical belief in the occurrence of the improbable.

H. L. Mencken

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A noted publisher in Chicago reports there is a simple technique for acquiring a powerful memory which can pay you real dividends in both business and social advancement and works like magic to give you added poise, necessary self-confidence and greater popularity.

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Trade Winds

by William Cole

Center

Daniel Hoffman has published five volumes of poetry and five of criticism, the latest of which is the cleverly titled *Poe Poe Poe Poe Poe Poe Poe* (count 'em), which was a contender for the National Book Award. His new book of poetry, *The Center of Attention,* comes from Random House on March 18. Here's a poem titled "Blood."

At a wolf's wild dugs
When the world was young
With eager tongue
Twin brothers tugged,

From foster mother
Drew their nurture.
Her harsh milk ran
Thence in the blood of man,

In the blood of kings
Who contrived the State.
What wolvish lust to head the pack
The memory of that taste brings back.

T. S. on T. S.

T. S. Matthews is a distinguished journalist and a fine poet. It now turns out that he's also a good biographer, for soon to be published is *Great Tom: Notes Towards the Definition of T. S. Eliot* coming from Harper & Row on March 6. It's an unauthorized biography, but a loving one. Hard to believe, but Eliot was quite a sexy young husband, though his half-mad first wife didn't like the stuff. He was a generous and kindly man; when asked about modern poetry, he said, "You know I don't read contemporary poetry enough to say. If the poet is doing more or less what I am doing, it is—er—confusing. If the poet is doing something quite different, it is—er—er—irrelevant." The one subject on which he claimed to be the world's foremost authority was the punctuation of poetry.

Semi-Sentences

Thing about George V. Higgins. Writes in semi-sentences. Like people talk. Big on dialogue. New one, *Cogan's Trade*, Knopf, March, about a kinda detective for underworld types. Universal adjective big; all the old four-letter favorites. Know Boston area, helps. All hoods; no cops this time. Even funny, black sort of way. Can't find pure paragraph to quote. His best. You'll like.

Retrospect

It's time to look back over the last year (the life of this column) and pick a few outstanding books. Well, *Gravity's Rainbow* is the greatest novel I never finished and will win the National Book Award. I don't think you have to be book mad to love David Magee's reminiscences, *Infinite Riches. What the Woman Lived: The Letters of Louise Bogan* is sad and beautiful—and even funny. Erica Jong's *Fear of Flying* is a novel to shock and delight. But I guess my favorite is the Viking Compass paperbound reprint *Memoirs of Montparnasse* by Canadian poet John Glassco, who was there as a wild young fella in the late Twenties. It's one of those books that starts slow and gradually becomes a classic.

Gloom, Gloom

"It's just that sometimes now I can't stop thinking about unhappy people," says a character in William Trevor's novel *Elizabeth Alone*, coming from Viking in March. The author has the same problem; everyone in his book is unhappy, evil, or a damned fool. He seems to have a general distaste for life, the same distaste shown in two of his earlier books that I've read. Pity: He's a fine writer. In this new one, Elizabeth, who's just split from her stiff husband, is, as they say in England, "in hospital" for a hysterectomy, and most of the book is about the unfortunate people in her ward and how they were done in by men. There's one funny, lovable character, a bumbling drunk. He dies unnaturally.

"Up a lazy river . . . by the ol' mill run. . . ."

Keepers

Here are some books worth keeping in a home library: *America in Legend,* by Richard M. Dorson (Pantheon). Top folklorist retells our history through folklore—amusing pictures, exciting layout, and, most interesting, a long, salty section on the counterculture, largely a druglore. . . . *Writer's Market '74*, put out by *Writer's Digest*, makes a good try at being up-to-the-minute, but where's SATURDAY REVIEW/WORLD? WORLD is there, yes, but no SR/W. And where's that delightful new magazine for kids, *Cricket*? Ain't there. But you can find out all about *Grunt* or *Knife Digest* and 5000 other paying markets. Magazines, publishers, agents, notes on free-lancing. . . . Here's *The Supermarket Handbook,* by Nikki and David Goldbeck (Harper & Row). Lots of marvelous tips on how to eat healthy food without becoming a complete health-food nut. F'rinstance, don't buy pre-flavored yogurt. Get the plain and add your own flavoring. □

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Books in Brief

THE LONG MIDNIGHT
by Alan White
Harcourt Brace Jovanovich
174 pp., $5.95

Mr. White, who has in the past produced several novels based on his World War II experiences as a commando in occupied Europe, has now produced another one: the talky but taut product of a suspense writer who knows his strengths. The uses to which Mr. White puts authenticity almost make it seem like a respectable word again. Mr. White's hero is a Scottish colonel, a commando, dropped, along with his loyal batman, into occupied Norway to discover the source of a leak in an underground unit. The colonel is a loquacious man, as commandos go, and, so far as the plot is concerned, one is not absolutely certain of what is happening all the time. Further, all the Norwegian underground members sound alike, which complicates the progress of the suspense considerably. Still, one recognizes that Mr. White's characters and his plot are but the excuse for the novel: The real subject is the art of the commando. There is much to be said for this sort of novel, not least the fact that it is informing and diverting. The details of any expertise yield a peculiar pleasure, and occasionally, as is true of this novel, it is a pleasure equal to anything character might yield; for, indeed, expertise is character and, given the slenderness of the structure here, possibly all the character that is necessary.

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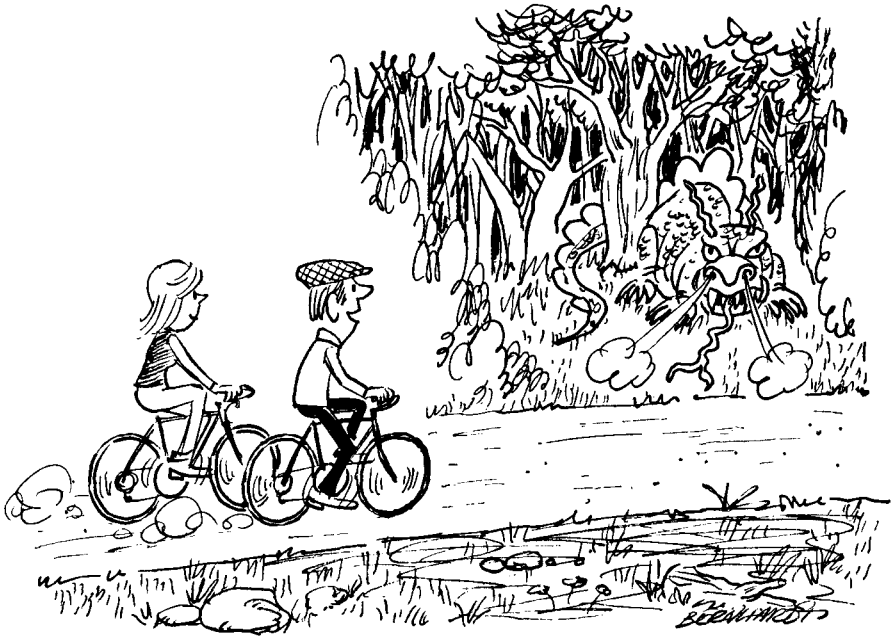
UNCLE FRANK: THE BIOGRAPHY OF FRANK COSTELLO
by Leonard Katz
Drake, 272 pp., $7.95

Throughout the course of a long career, Frank Costello was able, by reason of a peculiar natural grace, to inspire respect and affection from most of those who knew him. They came from all walks of life. Santha Rama Rau, the Indian writer, was one of his close friends; so was Meyer Lansky. He was a central figure in the Mafia network; yet he was no mobster in the sense that one knows the word. Loathing violence, he had little in common with his old associate Lucky Luciano or with the ferocious Vito Genovese, the Mafia boss who finally forced Costello into retirement. Like theirs, his quest was for power, but in Costello's case the power had to do with making one's way in respectable society, being a gentleman among gentlemen. Those who met him liked him for his curiosity, for the quiet way he wore his authority, and, apparently, for his unfailingly generous nature. They liked him, above all, because he was a remarkable mixture of refinement and power of the crudest sort. In one section of the book, Santha Rama Rau recalls how grand an experience it was to be known as Mr. Costello's friend: Doormen, cab drivers, waiters, and local merchants would outdo themselves in their eagerness to give the best service—not entirely, one may suppose, because of the fat tips that might come their way. Rather, it was another aspect of Frank Costello's generally recognized power that men of small and great station in life responded to him in the same way. Mr. Katz has, perhaps unavoidably, taken on the tone of Frank Costello's longtime admirers. There is a disturbing ingenuousness here, particularly in the first half of the book, which is devoted to historical perspectives on the Mafia and to the social background of Costello's career. There is something about receiving a history of the age of prohibition in the brisk, confident, and semi-educated terms of mod journalism that sets one's teeth on edge. One of the book's more important troubles, though, is its tendency to veer very close to adoration from time to time. It is a trouble, not because Frank Costello's career was an unsavory one, but because Costello is the subject of biography here, a form that permits little truck with the idolatrous. Still, Mr. Katz gets tough when he has to (though that is mostly at the end of the book). He is a good reporter, and while one would wish him to be a more restrained and cooler observer, he has produced an extremely interesting portrait. The book—best when given over to direct testimony from associates of Costello—is full of vignettes about New York political life of a sort that must fascinate even when they are familiar. Everyone has always known how judges were made. Yet, to hear an unidentified ex-Tammany politician relate the story in matter-of-fact terms is to make it all seem new and extraordinary again. Frank Costello's career was deeply bound to the politics of New York City for a long time—for several eras, in fact—and for its version of that relationship, Mr. Katz's book is a lively experience.

DOROTHY RABINOWITZ



"It's surprising what you see when you're cycling that you don't even notice when you're in a car."

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Manner of Speaking

by John Ciardi

Doomsday Again

They were standing on the sidewalk near the United Nations, eight or nine girls and boys wearing greatcoats that looked like a cross between shepherd's robes and army surplus. They were holding rough-hewn saplings as approximate shepherd's crooks, and they were holding up crudely lettered announcements that Kohoutek was coming. That piece of common knowledge they had projected over the horizon of some God-kick party they were all shacked up in and had arrived, by way of more crude hand lettering, at the conclusion that the end of the world was here, a state of affairs they all took as the occasion for a general repentance.

"If the howling shebang is really about to blow," said my schiz, "why waste time repenting when we could be throwing a party even the substrata will remember?"

"What else have we been doing," said my phrenia, "except that no one is really enjoying it?"

"Shut up," I conciliated. I was wondering what those boys and girls had to repent of that I hadn't at least twice as much of and no use for. Still, I thought, if you are convinced the universe is about to haul you into juvenile court, a little public repentance can't hurt your case. That thought, too, was subterfuge. I was trying to kid myself out of the knowledge that I had looked at the faces of those boys and girls and that I had been appalled by what I had seen. They had no faces. They had the masks of innocence I have seen on the stoned: that face of a sleeping baby sucking its thumb, the mouth soft, full, and relaxed. But it isn't a face: It is a mask hung where a face used to be before the occupant left on a trip, leaving those eyes turned inward to some dark-at-the-top-of-the-stairs and to the little-truth-that-isn't-there.

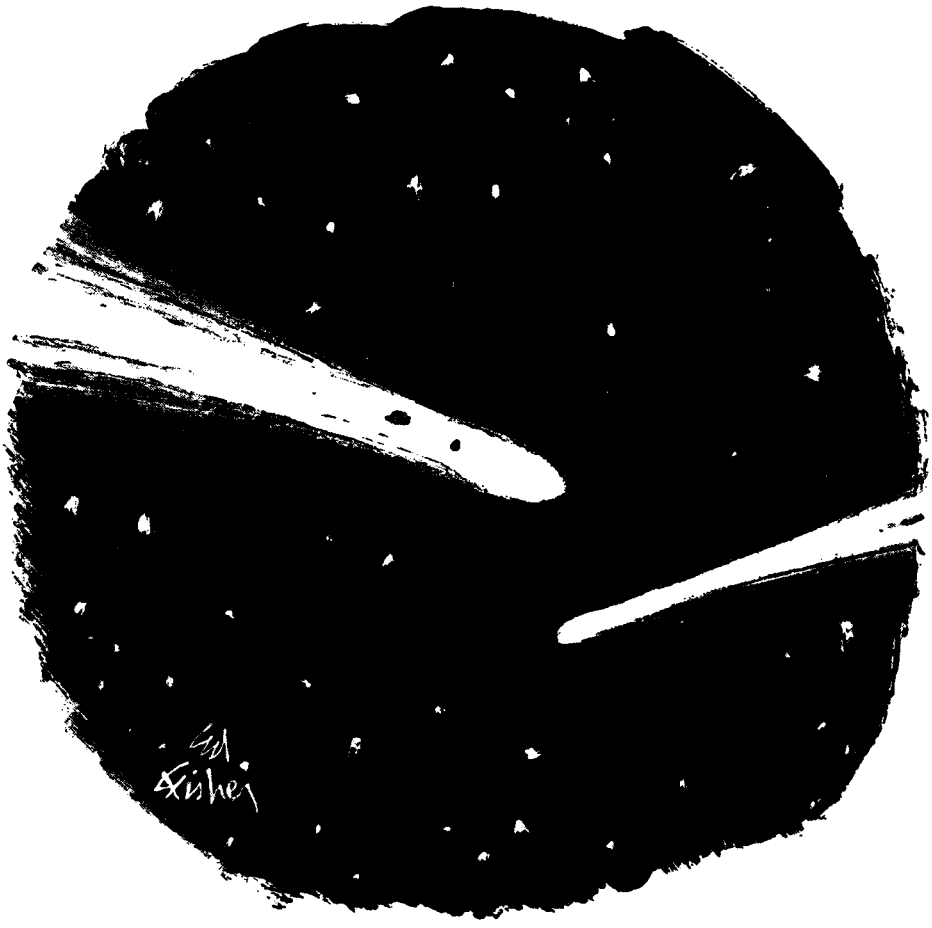
I thought of Kohoutek, a leftover building block swinging on the invisible string of an explosion that happened before time. When was it here before? Eighty thousand or eight hundred thousand orbits ago in whatever makes no difference? All of whatever-we-think-we-are happened since the last time. It is called evolution, and has it made a difference?

My professors had been enthusiastic about the seeming perfection of the evolutionary process. They had talked phenomena, but all the time they had been implying a godly intent in the plasticity of protoplasm. Whatever had canceled the pterodactyl, the sabertooth, and the mammoth, they implied, had always been looking for—man. It was somehow sad to realize so late that they had been, not scientists, but revelationists. They belonged, I saw, in that sidewalk line beside those young idiots. They had looked at all the data of evolution exactly as those kids were looking at Kohoutek—staring phenomena in the eye only to piddle observed fact to a personal assertion. I wished I knew how to attach a warning to Kohoutek in case it gets back here on the other side of time—or at least on the other side of us.

There is some chance Kohoutek may not make it. Perhaps by the time this is published, Kohoutek will have been sucked into the sun. If not, it should be back—if it isn't sucked into something else at the far end of nowhere. If the sun does get it, that will be something to witness. If Kohoutek does swing by for a return trip to Out Back of Beyond, that will be it—for us. If evolution is any sort of selective instrument, it will certainly have selected us out by the end of the next loop. Perhaps the Insects, as our successors, will have developed a science of astronomy by then. We are getting our shot at Kohoutek: They are entitled to theirs.

And which of *them* will be standing outside the Pan-Global Hive the next time around, holding up the placards of doom and staring inside-out at infinity because a fumy chunk of dry ice is scrawling its way to nowhere across what we call the sky?

I hope it will be the praying mantises. They have faces that could make impressive masks once they learn how to get stoned—on pot, heroin, God, or whatever it is that turns Insects on. □



"Kohoutek!" "Gesundheit!"

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Curmudgeon-at-Large

by Cleveland Amory

The most important single qualification for a non-fiction writer to have, in our opinion, is a good sense of rumor. In any case, having one of the very best, we've found it easy to run down the libelous rumor that SR/WORLD was no longer interested in a discussion of proper names (remember those prevailing in the Ozark Mountains?). In any case, perish the thought, we say, and to prove the perishing, herewith a letter:

Dear Mr. Amory:

Recently I was confined to a motel room in Lake City, Florida, on a rainy day with some recalcitrant youngsters. Finding no other avenue of escape, I resorted to one of my favorite entertainments, the telephone directory. The results have surpassed my wildest dreams. I herewith would like to propose the folks of Lake City as the most creative in the realm of my experience with regard to the naming of their offspring, and I submit in support of my proposal a list of the more interesting gleanings from the directory.

We have Acy, Addis, Adron, Aelese, Alfreta, Alvina, Ansal, Arky, Arlena, Arrie, Arveda, and Athalia; Banice, Bridis, Boney, and Bur; followed by Carlis, Carthel, Cathern, Chasteen, Clant, Clarazina, Claretha, Cleamon, Cledas, Clemmytee, Cline, Clora Bell, Colon (my personal favorite), Corean, Cozzie, and Curlon; Dandy, Denward, Derline, Dewight, Douthlar, Doyal, and Duley; Easter, Edgel, Edis, Elease (a cousin of Aelese, I suspect), Elvin, Elzie, Ercell, Erman and Ermon (twins?), Essie Mae, Eulyn, Eurmer, and Everlena; Foy Mae, Francena, Fredonia, and Freezell; Gimmie, Govan, Grethel, Groover, and Gueen; Hansel and Hildren; Icy Lee; Kie; Lauryln, Lavon, Lealer Mae, Leamon, Leaty, Lemmie, Lenvell, Lenvil, Leronia, Letha, Levon, Lilla, Lorace, Loran, Lovie, Lucious, and Ludie; Malva, Mammie, Manon, Marlin, Matha, Maudestine, Mayse, Maxcile, and Mazell; Nebie, Neda, Nephilla, Netter, Nevin, Nilton, Niron, Noidre, Nondas, Nonie, Noonie, Norbie, and Notie; Odest, Odis, Odonia, Olea, Ollis, Oran, Oris, Osceola, Ozell, and Ozie; followed by Panchetter, Plumer, and Pozie; Raydell, Rema, Renow, Retha, Rewis, Rilla Mae, Romania, Romie, and Romulous; Seeber, Seleta, Selvin, and Shirdtee; Talatha, Tally, Teadie, Teen, Tempy, Tercie, Tobbie, and Trubie; Uldean; Vadie, Vallene, Varnell, Vaudie, Vel, Vennis, Verdell, Vernell, Vertie, Vinard, Virlyn, and Voncile; Waver, Willima, and Wynelle; and Zeak, Zell, and Zettie.

Let me know if there is any other town in contention for the title.

Sincerely yours,
Betsy T. White

Miami, Florida

HEADLINE OF THE FORTNIGHT—as spotted by Shirley Major of Louisville, Kentucky, in the Asheville, North Carolina, *Citizen*:

CLEAN UP FRENCH BROAD
WITH UNITED EFFORT

No comment, please. For the heathen—i.e., outside Henderson County, North Carolina—the French Broad is a *river*.

FOREIGN NOTE—as spied by R. F. Carter of Weymouth, Massachusetts, in the Boston *Globe*:

Intelligence sources here said the Soviet limousine telephone traffic was susceptible to interception because the phones were not sufficiently "scrambled"—a technique for making spoken words snoop-proof.
zyyiiiu v u v eee

If they can't scramble, why don't they stay in the pocket?

WANT-AD DEPARTMENT—as discovered by George Johnson of Wausau, Wisconsin, in the *Wausau Record-Herald*:

RADIOLOGIC
TECHNOLOGIST

Immediate positions available for staff technologists.

Must be registered or eligible for registration in Wisconsin.

Competitive salary: commiserate with experience.

The fringe benefits, we presume, include tea and sympathy.

PERSONAL NOTE—located by Mildred MacDonald of Bethurst, New Brunswick, in the Bethurst *Northern Light*:

Adult lady will be willing to snit with elderly person any night from 8:00 P.M. to 12:00 P.M.

Look at it this way—it beats babysnitting.

VALENTINE STORY. According to a peachable source, which we have agreed to reveal to any authority, a well-known Washington, D.C., man-about-town gave a girl friend, for a birthday present, a copy of Les Whitten's intriguing novel, *The Alchemist*, replete with its full share of explicit sex scenes. The girl sent back a rejection slip—but kept the book. □

"Welcome, gentlemen. You will be pleased to learn we have set aside a section of land called a 'reservation' for your comfort and safety."

WIT TWISTER NO. 14

Edited by Arthur Swan

The object of the game is to complete the poem by thinking of one word whose letters, when rearranged, will yield the appropriate word for each series of blanks. Each dash within a blank corresponds to a letter of the word. Answers on page 55.

It does no good to — — — — — —
— at Fate or Age;
Those thieving — — — — — — —
will not restore your youth.
Your — — — — — — — cheek is
Time's clear-printed page,
Where — — — — — — — but
incarnadine the truth.

A. S.

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When Do You Use "Which"? When "That"?

I recently received this letter on pistachio-colored stationery:

VIBES
from
PENELOPE KLITCHER
210 Placebo Park
Euphoria, Ill.

January 20, 1974

Leo Rosten
Vesuvius Towers
644 East 68 Street
New York, New York

Dear Mr. R—

My folks, Mr. and Mrs. Herman P. Klitcher, say it is okay to write you for help, about a problem in English—my Dad being an old school chum of yours at Hi-school during your days there at Crane Tech, in Chicago, if you remember, as I am *sure* you do!! (He says.)

Well, here is my problem, and I could just *spit*—I am so teed off! At Miss Raskolnikov (our English teacher). She has *shot me down.* On a exam. She told me my way of using "that" and "which" shows I do not even *begin* to understand the important diff. between those two pro-nouns.

Well, I want to know who does? *Her* explaining of the diff. did not do *any* of us any good at all. In fact her jazz just made it worse. *Everyone* in the class is screwed up now.

So, being a real "pro" author, you are the only person I can think of who maybe *does* know when to employ a "that" and when a "which." Are you? Please give examples.

Thanking you for your real help and aid to a deserving student and daughter of an old school chum,

Your friend,
Penelope ("Penny") Klitcher

My answer to this heartrending appeal was prompt.

LEO ROSTEN
Author of
An Old Vibes Tale

Arnold Benedict Lane
Coxsackie, N. Y.

January 27, 1974

Dear "Penny":

Not knowing the correct way to use "that" and "which" is nothing to be ashamed of. Neither is ending a sentence with a preposition.

Grammarians have gone *dippy* trying to explain when to use "that" and when to use "which." Some authorities have even committed suicide after other authorities pointed out scandalous errors in their (the first authorities') explanations of *"that which"*-ing.

I happen never to have found this a problem. The rules I follow are so simple, Penny, that I am confident they will end your worries forever:

1. Use "who" when referring to the officials of an underdeveloped country.
2. Use "that" in discussing "which."
3. Use "which" for all articles made of rubber.
4. Never use "who" for animals, except owls.
5. The only time to use *"that* which" is in discussions of the historic trials in Salem, Massachusetts.

Perhaps the best way to illustrate these subtleties, Penny, is to send you a copy of the letter I recently wrote Immanuel Kant, after the appearance of his trailblazing *Lapsed Conjunctions:*

Dear Manny:

That that "that" is different from this "that" is as obvious as that this "this" is different from that "this," this "that," that "that," or those "thems."

All of these, may I remind you, are examples of proper usage in cases where a "that" is called for and a "which" is not.

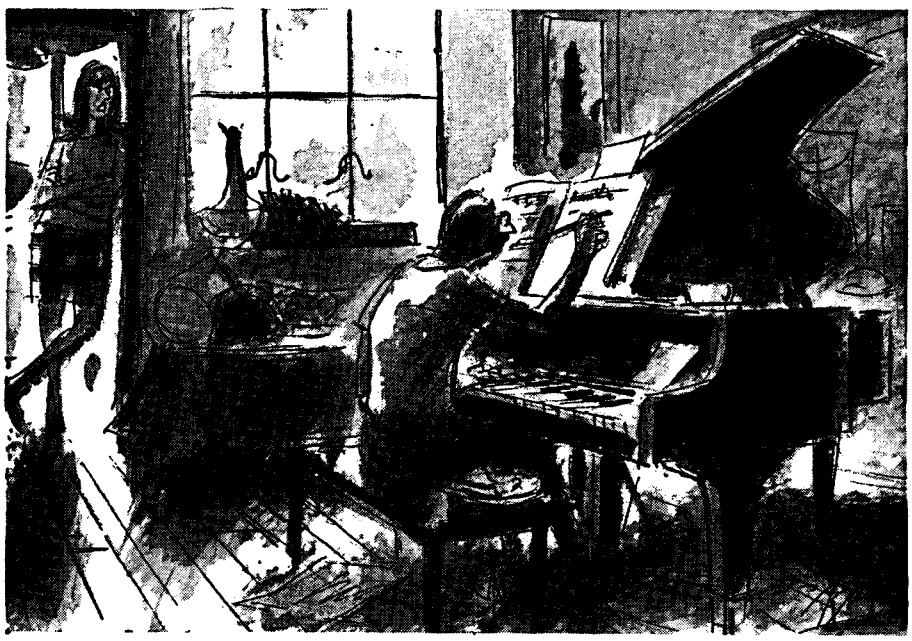
Yours,
Leo Rosten

If you will just memorize this letter, "Penny," you will be the envy of all your classmates.

Your friend,
Mr. R—

P.S. Is Miss Raskolnikov related to the Theodore Dostoevskis? □

Editor's Note: This heartrending exchange is taken from Leo Rosten's forthcoming book, Dear "Herm"—With a Cast of Dozens (*McGraw-Hill*).



"We've got a little tomato juice as an introduction, some warmed-over spaghetti as a second movement, with three hard rolls as a contrapuntal theme leading into a cold asparagus salad crescendo. But what do you want for an encore?"

ANSWER TO MIDDLETON DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 41

HORACE SUTTON:
(THE) DAY OF THE IGUANA

Try the *tortilla* soup, a consommé that provides an inland sea for a flotilla of *tortilla* strips that have been previously left in the sun to dry. To add spice, dip in (but for goodness'* sake, don't *drop* in) a chili *pasilla,* a dried, red pod loaded with dehydrated napalm.

*'Goodness' for *heaven's* to get the *g.* From SR/World, October 23, 1973.

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World Environment Newsletter

PREPARED BY PHILIP W. QUIGG FOR THE INTERNATIONAL INSTITUTE FOR ENVIRONMENT AND DEVELOPMENT
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New Energy Sources: A Two-Part Summary of Their Prospects, Technology, and Environmental Impact

The vast verbiage devoted to the energy crisis has dwelt largely on its immediate impact and on measures to cope with it. Less attention has been given to alternative sources of energy, because they cannot help us in our present predicament. Nor, in fact, can coal, oil, and gas in the very short term, for it will be some time before substantially larger quantities of those traditional fuels can be produced. The easy assumption that an abrupt switch to coal would save the situation has now been seen as an illusion; the coal industry can hardly meet its present commitments.

Nevertheless, it is indisputable that coal will recapture its former importance; no other source can make a major contribution to the energy supply over the next two decades. Coal now provides only 17.2 percent of U.S. energy—considerably less than that of Europe, substantially more than that of Japan. The environmental consequences of increased reliance on coal will be profound, even if ways of purifying it are perfected.

The ready availability of coal in the United States must not be allowed to delay the search for alternative sources that are less detrimental to the environment. It is significant that Japan, which has no oil and limited coal, is planning to spend a far higher proportion of its GNP on research and development of non-fossil fuels than is the United States or Europe.

In looking at the adjoining list of so-called esoteric energy sources, one is struck by how long they have been around. Some, like coal gasification, geothermal, wind, and tides, have been in use for decades or centuries, while the theoretical potential of others has been known for at least a generation. With the sudden doubling and tripling in the costs of energy, every one of them appears to be economically competitive, if the technology can be developed or perfected.

For twenty-five years, cheap fuel and the promise of limitless nuclear energy have deterred any concentrated research into alternatives to oil and gas or the more efficient use of coal. In retrospect, our lack of foresight seems astounding. Yet more remarkable is the fact that even now in the United States, research into solar and geothermal energy, not to mention more remote technologies, is not being adequately funded. Of the projected $11 billion that the administration proposes to spend over the next five years on energy research and development, 96 percent is to be devoted to nuclear power (more than half) and fossil fuels, plus conservation. Even the $11 billion total is less than "the minimum viable effort" recommended by expert panels appointed by the administration.

The paucity of fundamental research and, even more, of pilot projects to test the feasibility of alternative energy sources enhances the difficulty of forecasting when and to what extent "new" sources will become significant. Billions of dollars have been spent so that we may learn how difficult it is to produce nuclear energy by means that are clean and safe. Having hardly begun to examine other alternatives to fossil fuels, we cannot know what technological pitfalls lie ahead.

But much more is involved than discovering new technologies. Most close observers of the energy problem agree with Chauncey Starr, who wears many energy hats, that "the most pressing energy need is for a coherent and long-range program to plan and manage our national and international energy systems. It takes ten to twenty years for a significant alteration in the trends of these huge systems. Waiting until the situation becomes intolerable must now be recognized as intentionally planned neglect—a societal irresponsibility difficult to condone."

Although there is enormous variation among estimates of how much energy may be derived from non-fossil fuels by the end of the century, a measure of consensus prevails on the following points: (1) none will be a significant factor for at least a decade, and (2) even by the end of the century, no new source of energy will have replaced fossil fuels. Most students of the energy problem (though not, apparently, governments) also agree that all potential sources should receive public financing—whether or not they have reached the pilot stage.

It can be argued, too, that the United States has special responsibilities to develop alternative sources. As consumer of 35 percent of the world's energy, as the largest producer of oil, and as the country with the largest reserves of coal, the United States not only is unusually blessed but also is in no small part responsible for the global energy shortage and soaring prices. What most countries of the world need is not merely the opportunity to buy fuels at now-inflated prices but also indigenous sources of energy. Some of the misnamed esoteric energy sources, notably the sun, are more promising prospects in the developing world of the tropic zone than in the industrialized nations. But it is the latter that must develop the technologies.

Concentration in this two-part series on new supplies of power neglects the importance of reducing the growth in demand through conservation and more efficient power generation. A leading example of the latter is the combined gas-steam turbine systems, in which propulsion technology developed by the aircraft industry is being applied to stationary power plants. The expectation is that present conversion efficiencies can be increased from a high of about 40 percent to 58 percent

Potential Energy Alternatives

(In this issue)

Coal
- Gasification
- Liquefaction
  - Fluid-bed burning
  - Solvent refining
- MHD—magnetohydrodynamics

Oil
- from shale
- and tar sands

Waste
- Combustion
- Gasification and liquefaction
- Fermentation

Flywheels

Flower Power and Algae

(In next issue)

Nuclear
- Fission
- Fusion

Geothermal

Solar

Wind

Tides, Currents, and Thermal Gradients

The Hydrogen Economy

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or even more in coal-fired systems that are virtually free of sulfur. Greater efficiency in power generation, mining and smelting, transportation, construction, and manufacturing, combined with a revised sense of values, may be the most promising alternative of all.

COAL GASIFICATION

The gaslight era was illuminated by coal. Since then research into ways to increase the heating value and lower the cost of coal gas has been occasionally energetic, more often fitful. Most of the research has been conducted in Western Europe, which had ample coal but no oil or natural gas until the recent discoveries in the North Sea. When pipeline technology made it possible to bring natural gas from the American Southwest to the East Coast, U.S. research on coal gasification withered. Now at least four different processes are being investigated.

To the layman, they all seem basically similar. The variants have to do with the size of the coal and how it is fed into the reactor, whether air or oxygen is used in combustion, whether the operation occurs under pressure, and whether the raw gas is methanated (by combining carbon monoxide and hydrogen). Some choices depend on whether the objective is to produce a gas high in BTUs, suitable as a substitute for natural gas and economically transportable by pipeline over long distances, or whether the aim is a so-called producer of gas of relatively low heating value but adequate for on-site electric generation. Each plant must be tailored to the characteristics of the coal used, which may vary enormously.

For humanitarian, environmental, and economic reasons (a rare and happy combination), the most desirable possibility is that coal can be gasified right in the underground seams—an idea first explored in the Soviet Union in the early Thirties. Following World War II, *in situ* gasification attracted worldwide interest, but experiments thus far have had very limited success. The process has proved difficult to control and has produced a gas of low quality. But experiments go on. In a new variant, which the AEC's Lawrence Livermore Laboratory is now testing, explosives are detonated at the bottom of a seam, making the bed permeable. Then the coal is ignited from the top, a mixture of steam and oxygen is pumped down the shaft, and gas is recovered from the bottom of the hole.

Environmental Impact

Successful underground gasification is a goal ardently to be wished for. It will reduce the need for strip-mining, avoid the hazards of deep mining, minimize pollution, and reduce costs. Other methods of gasification do not have all those advantages but will reduce air pollution from the direct burning of high-sulfur coal. (See also "Coal Liquefaction.")

Prospects

The first commercial conversion plants are not expected until 1980, but with increased funding that schedule may be shortened, at least for producer gas. The newer processes have not reached even the pilot stage, and much engineering work is required.

COAL LIQUEFACTION

The technology for obtaining oil from coal has not proceeded much beyond the achievements of the Germans during World War II, when price was no object. The two processes they developed then still appear to be the most promising. Both remain complicated and expensive, and both require gasification as the first step. The more efficient of the two requires extremely high temperatures and pressures, which make reduction in costs difficult.

A distinction needs to be made, however, between coal oil that can be refined into synthetic substitutes for various natural petroleum products, such as gasoline, and that which can be made into a low-sulfur fuel for industry and utilities. The former involves more expensive and complex processes, but a modified form of coal liquefaction, designed primarily to remove pollutants before or during combustion rather than afterward, may prove more practical and economical than expensive stack-gas scrubbers.

Under one system—*solvent refining*—coal at high temperature and under pressure is converted into a molten mass in a solvent containing a small amount of hydrogen. The undissolved sulfur is then filtered off, and the solvent is distilled away. The refined coal can be fed in its molten state directly into a furnace, or it can be allowed to cool into a shiny solid for transportation elsewhere. The by-products removed in the process offset some of the costs, and the refined coal is both low in impurities and exceptionally high in heating quality.

Another system is called *fluid-bed burning*, because the combustion process gives the appearance of a bubbling boil. Finely ground coal is sprayed into a chamber and mixed with chips of limestone, which react with oxides of sulfur to form calcium sulfate. This can then be extracted, separated, and the limestone recycled.

Environmental Impact

The most detrimental aspects of coal conversion, whether to gas or oil, lie in the vast quantities of coal—much of it strip-mined—that will be needed. To produce 100,000 barrels of synthetic oil requires 35,000 tons of coal per day—more than twice the output of the largest mines now being worked. Similarly, there will be an astronomical demand for water, which may have to be brought from long distances. Whatever the price to the environment, it simply is not known whether sufficient water will be available for coal gasification and liquefaction on a significant, hence economical, scale. (A liquefaction plant may cost half a billion dollars.)

Moreover, liquefaction produces nitrogen oxides, which can be removed only at high cost and with the consumption of large amounts of hydrogen.

Prospects

Obtaining oil from coal is technically more difficult and more expensive than coal gasification; hence its commercial production is probably more remote. The great attraction of liquefied coal is that it could be fed directly into existing pipelines and ultimately could alleviate the petroleum shortage. The U.S. Department of the Interior has one liquefaction plant in operation and another under construction. The navy has successfully tested a destroyer powered by oil produced from coal and hopes to start converting other ships within a few years. But unless there is a crash program, refined synthetics from coal oil are not likely to be widely available commercially until the next decade.

MHD

For the past ten years, studies have been conducted on the possibility of converting coal directly into electricity—an effort somewhat comparable to the alchemist's dream of turning lead into gold. MHD, or magnetohydrodynamics, involves burning coal or other fuels at high temperatures (4000° to 5000° F.) to produce a very hot ionized gas. The charged gas is passed through a strong magnetic field, and electrons are drawn off to form electric current. That is the theory; the problems have proved formidable and do not appear close to solution. Not the least of these is the formation of high concentrations of nitric oxide. MHD is still in the stage of funda-

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mental research, although the Soviet Union is said to have two pilot plants in operation, and it appears to be further advanced with the technology than other nations are. Some scientists believe that other processes for achieving high thermodynamic efficiencies may completely overtake MHD, thereby making it redundant. Thermonuclear fusion would have the same effect.

OIL FROM SHALE AND TAR SANDS

In many countries shale oil was produced commercially before petroleum was discovered. In the intervening years, new processes for extracting oil from shale have continued to be tested, often in large pilot plants, but the estimated costs then seemed excessive. When the Department of the Interior offered leases on three tracts in 1968, no serious bidders could be found. But starting last month, six new tracts are being leased in Colorado, Utah, and Wyoming, which are thought to have 1.8 billion barrels of oil recoverable from shale. Each tract is 5000 acres in size but geologically different.

Oil shale is widely available, though its quality varies. The best yields thirty-five gallons or more per ton of shale. In the United States the oil potentially available in shale is believed to be forty times greater than proved oil reserves, including Alaska. Federal lands alone are believed capable of yielding 600 billion barrels of shale oil.

Vast quantities of oil or tar sand also exist; the largest and richest known are in Alberta. The Athabasca deposits are thought to contain 80 billion barrels of oil recoverable by methods now in use —and potentially much more. A sudsidiary of the Sun Oil Company has been operating there since 1967 at a loss of several million dollars a year. A large U.S.–controlled consortium, Syncrude, which hopes to be producing by 1978, is already spending $2 million a month on start-up costs.

Economics and Technology

After oil sand has been mined, it is treated with a mixture of steam and hot water so that the oil can be extracted. Syncrude expects capital costs of $1 billion just to produce enough oil for a 100,000-barrel-a-day refinery.

Development of oil shale is likely to be more rapid, partly because scientists consider its chemical properties more promising. Even with high-grade shale, it takes 1.4 tons to produce a barrel of oil and leaves 1.2 tons of waste. The sheer volume of the raw material required virtually dictates that the oil be extracted where the shale is found. The shale may be mined first and then processed, or it may be liquefied *in situ*. The latter is accomplished by breaking up the shale to ensure permeability, then igniting the shale at the bottom of a hole drilled into the formation. At a temperature of 900° F., the hot gases created distill the hydrocarbons from the shale, and the oil is then drawn off into a second hole.

A variant of that method, now being tested, is to dig a cavern under the shale and set off an explosion. The fragmented shale collapses into the cavern and is thus made permeable in one stroke. It has not gone unnoticed that this process might be achieved even more simply and economically with nuclear explosives.

Environmental Impact

It will be evident that obtaining oil from shale will impose heavy environmental costs in disruption of the land and in visual, air, and water pollution. A study by the Environmental Impact Assessment Project, sponsored by the Ford Foundation, asserts that in Colorado shale waste and water made saline in the mine operation will be dumped into the Colorado River. It also warns that toxic by-products released will include mercury, cadmium, lead, and fluorine.

Not only is the waste material enormous, but also by volume it will be considerably larger than the original shale, having been altered from finely stratified rock to rubble. A plant producing 50,000 barrels of oil daily will have to dispose of more than a ton of shale waste every second. The open firing of the shale will obviously cause air pollution; how much is a matter of dispute. Finally, the process will require huge amounts of water; and in Colorado, where the highest grade of shale is found, water is already in short supply. Several environmental organizations are protesting the mining of oil shale, charging the Interior Department's final impact statement is inadequate.

Similarly, extracting oil from sand will require large amounts of water and leave vast quantities of waste. However, the Athabasca field is in a remote area several hundred miles north of Edmonton. Since the ground is spongy and sticky, alternative land uses are limited and sufficient water is available. Thus, the environmental impact should not be particularly adverse.

Prospects

The cost of producing shale oil commercially is believed to be in the neighborhood of five dollars per barrel, which would make it already competitive. But both the risks and the initial capital investment are high. Production in the United States is expected to start in 1978, and the Interior Department calculates that by 1985 approximately 1 million barrels per day may be produced. That is approximately 10 percent of the anticipated increase in demand for oil between now and then.

The Athabasca oil sands are now producing about 50,000 barrels a day. That figure may quadruple by 1980 and reach 1 million barrels by 1990—equivalent to the daily amount that Canada exports to the United States today.

WASTE

The great attraction of using waste as an energy resource is that it is there; no exploration is required to find it. On the contrary, means must be found to get rid of it. The burning of municipal waste to generate electricity and to provide steam for home heating has been practiced in Europe for many years. Now at least twenty U.S. cities and several industrial plants are doing, or planning to do, likewise.

In Milan, Italy, streetcars and subways will soon run on electricity from generators fueled by waste. A Philadelphia company intends to convert 90 percent of that city's waste into a marketable fuel that will be sold either in a finely shredded form or as briquettes. General Motors is planning to burn 55,000 tons of refuse a year from its own plants in the Pontiac, Michigan, area to furnish much of the energy needed by its truck and coach division. Nashville, Tennessee, will soon be burning its solid waste to provide air conditioning as well as heating.

The technology for separating waste into its component parts (organic matter, glass, metals) is available and advancing rapidly. After it has been shredded and separated by air blowers and vibrating screens, the combustible material (about 80 percent) is normally mixed with coal or oil so that it will burn more efficiently. In the much-publicized St. Louis experiment, waste makes up only 10 percent of the fuel. In a few instances boilers are fired entirely by shredded refuse; the most notable example is a generating plant on the outskirts of Paris.

Gasification and Liquefaction

In more sophisticated systems, the refuse may be converted to gas or oil in much the same way that is being tried with coal. Hydrogenation converts the carbon content of the trash to oil,

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using high temperatures and pressures. A ton of dry waste produces about two barrels of oil (before subtraction of the fuel used in the process).

A slightly less efficient method is *pyrolysis*, a distillation process that produces both oil and a low-energy gas. Though it, too, requires high temperatures, the process takes place at atmospheric pressure—a considerable economy. Both of those methods are still in the experimental stage, but encouraging progress is being made. The Coors Brewery, outside of Denver, which has the largest brewing plant in the world, is experimenting with a gasification project fueled entirely by municipal trash and garbage. If early successes continue, all of Denver's municipal waste will be used to provide all of the brewery's fuel requirements.

The principal drawbacks to using refuse as a fuel are that its BTU output is low; it may cause corrosion in boilers; the variations in the content of the material from season to season and from place to place complicate efforts to achieve uniform combustion; and because neither the supply of refuse nor the demand for energy is constant, garbage may accumulate at times when demand for power is low and be insufficient at times of peak load. Also, since refuse can be used efficiently only in large generating plants, the costs of collection over a wide area may be high. In most cases, however, those costs are borne by the municipality and do not add to the costs of the fuel.

Fermentation

Many of these drawbacks do not apply to anaerobic decomposition, a method of accelerating decay of organic matter to produce the odorless, colorless gas, methane. Small plants can be highly efficient. There are more than 2500 bio-gas installations in India alone, and throughout East Asia many are just large enough to provide for the needs of a family or farm. The notion of "an anaerobic digestor in every home" is not entirely fanciful. Since there is an upper limit to the size of a digestor (the fermentation vessel), an installation to serve a city would require many digestors. But a farm family could meet all its energy requirements with a single unit, and urban dwellers might reduce their external needs by half.

Unlike methods that use waste for combustion, fermentation needs moisture and benefits from a combination of solid waste and sewerage; their chemical properties complement one another, and sewerage can provide the water that is needed. Thus waste from animal feedlots, dairies, canneries, and other agricultural processing; municipal trash and garbage; sewerage; and much more are grist for the fermentation mill. Each pound of organic matter can produce about ten cubic feet of methane, and the residue at the end of the four-to-seven-day process can be used as a clean, rich fertilizer, either sprayed onto fields in liquid form or dried for easier distribution. It may also be recycled as an animal feed.

Methane is inescapably produced in sewerage plants. In many places in Europe and Asia, the gas is captured and piped to homes and factories. In the United States it has generally been considered a nuisance; certainly no effort has been made to maximize its production. Elsewhere, too, fermentation has been used to reduce the bulk of waste or to produce nutrients rather than gas.

Flywheels

Many means of storing energy are being explored. One of the most intriguing is flywheels. By virtue of stronger, lighter materials and more advanced design, engineers foresee giant flywheels operating in a partial vacuum at 3500 revolutions per minute and charged with 10,000 to 20,000 kilowatt hours of energy for use in peak periods of demand for electricity. Smaller units with about 30 kilowatts of stored energy would drive a small car for 200 miles at 60 miles an hour, and they could be recharged in five minutes. In terms of a barrel of crude oil, such a flywheel system would be five times more efficient than the internal-combustion engine and would be totally free of pollution in operation. Unused, the flywheel would keep its "charge" for at least six months.

Above all, perhaps, flywheels offer a means of storing the intermittent energy of sun, wind, and tides.

Environmental Impact

The use of solid waste for power generation offers immense environmental benefits. It reduces the misuse of land for dumping refuse and lessens water and soil pollution. It also encourages the recycling of the glass and metals that must be removed.

To be sure, refuse is by no means a "clean" fuel when it is burned, and what goes into the garbage will affect what comes out as air pollutants. But as plants are converted to accept refuse, or new ones constructed, pollution controls can be built in.

Processes for producing gas and oil from waste are cleaner and in turn produce fuels that are low in pollutants. Fermentation takes place in a closed system, and in terms of the process and the product (methane), it deserves the highest environmental marks of all conversion systems in commercial use.

Prospects

Most estimates of the potential of waste as a fuel are still highly theoretical, partly because we do not know how much waste we can practically collect. One U.S. estimate (by the Bureau of Mines) is 15 percent, though the smaller countries of Europe should easily exceed that figure. The least efficient process is burning of solid waste for direct generation of electricity or space heating and cooling. That is unlikely to exceed 1 or 2 percent of energy consumption anytime in the future. The greatest potential is for the production of methane, because fermentation uses all forms of waste, wet and dry, and because it requires minimal fuel in the process of conversion. Here the constraints are largely structural and institutional and, therefore, most difficult to forecast. Nevertheless, the mounting problems of waste disposal and the need to recycle metals, in combination with the energy shortage, should provide strong incentives to increase the use of waste as an energy source.

FLOWER POWER AND ALGAE

The farming of vegetable matter especially for burning (after sun drying and shredding) is most frequently proposed as a waste supplement to ensure a constant supply of fuel. Sunflowers and sugarcane are among the plants being tested, but the amount of farmland and water required to make a significant contribution to the fuel supply is staggering. Artificially stimulating algae growth may be more practical, but the problems of harvesting and drying would be substantial. Others have suggested tree farms for fueling an on-site generator. One calculation has it that a tree plantation of 400 square miles could produce about 400 megawatts of electricity per year.

Although these fuels would be low in sulfur and their ashes could be returned to the soil, their use is otherwise unappealing. It would seem more logical to find ways to collect and utilize the lumbering and agricultural wastes that already exist. In terms of efficiency and land use, flower power (promoted as a form of solar energy) rates poorly and seems unlikely to come into commercial use.

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(**Guru:** *continued from page 21.*)
will be located near Santa Barbara, California. As with any ashram, the divine city will welcome anyone who wants to come. No *premie* is ever asked to give an explanation of his or her past. Guilt and confession are not in the guru's scheme of things.

On the last night of the festival, I sat briefly with a man named David Haddon. He and several colleagues had driven to Houston from Berkeley, California, representing the Christian Information Committee. They had come to tell the *premies* about Jesus—as missionaries to the Divine Light Mission.

In cooperation with local church people, these people had worked quietly, gently—a word here, a mention of the Scriptures there. To be sure, they held deep differences on fundamental questions with the guru's devotees. The Divine Light Mission holds that there is always a Perfect Master on earth, and that Guru Maharaj Ji's predecessors included Moses, Jesus, Buddha, and Krishna. To Christians this view is intolerable.

David Haddon sees a great potential danger for the *premies*:

I'm really concerned about the people in this movement, because if, as all reasonable expectations would have it, this movement fails to produce the promised city, the promised peace, there are going to be some terribly disillusioned people who have already perhaps experienced disillusionment with materialistic American culture, with perhaps all kinds of sexual activity, drug use, various religious trips they may have been into, and this has been a culmination for them. For this to suddenly collapse would result in really powerful self-destructive tendencies in the people involved. Well, we have planted the seed and there is another way. . . .

AND SO, it came to an end and perhaps a beginning. When the last hymn had been sung, Goom Rodgie went back to his penthouse suite, and his devotees fell to the job of dismantling the great platform and throne. The next day the Oilers would play.

As I was leaving the Astrodome, I met up with a Houston matron who had attended two of the evening sessions. She said she had found it all tremendously impressive. She especially approved of how clean and neat the guru's younger followers looked, and there was something mighty appealing about their serenity, too.

Would she like to receive Knowledge?

"Well, I might," she said. "I just might —just so I don't have to fool around with some fusty old Indian!"

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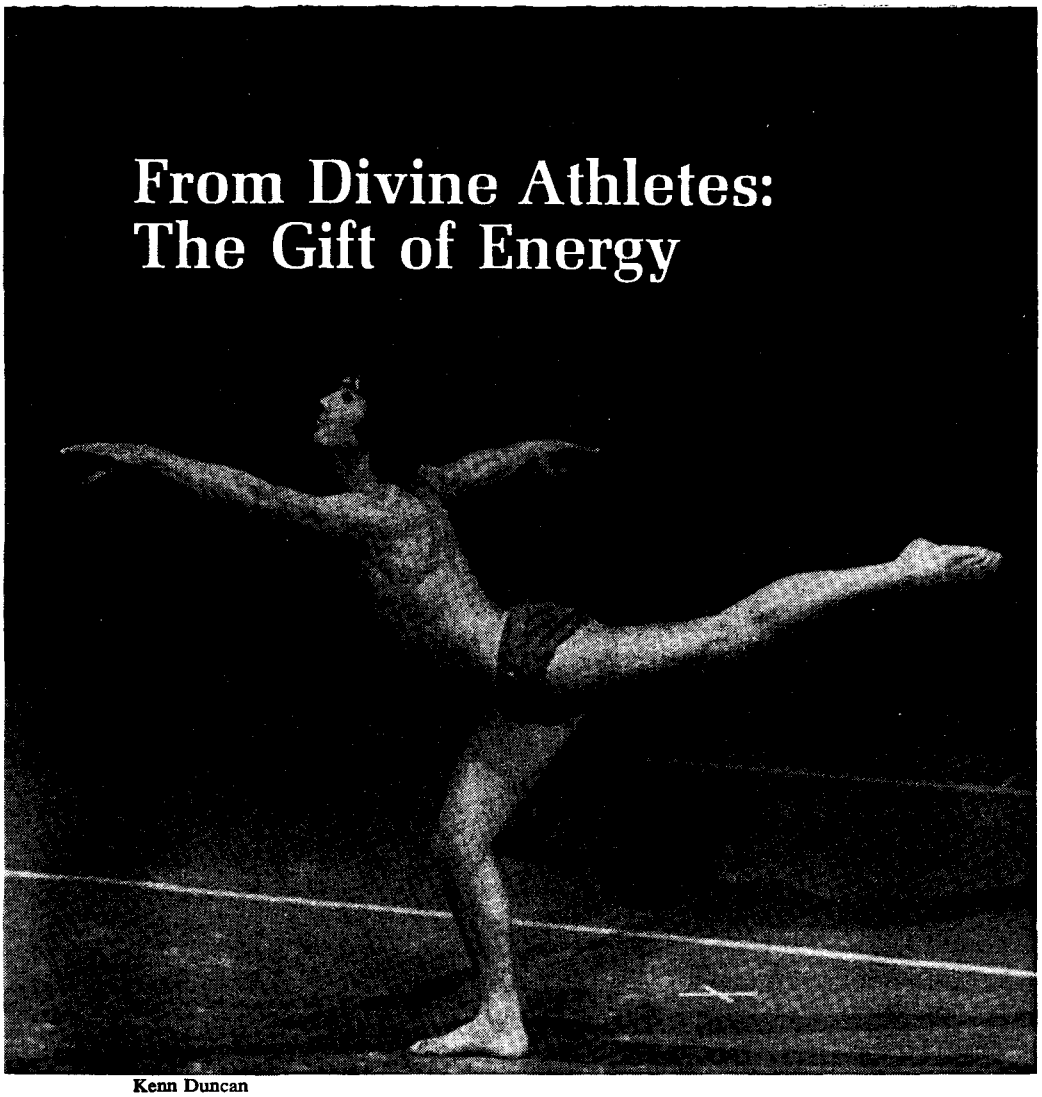
From Divine Athletes: The Gift of Energy



Kenn Duncan

Alvin Ailey dancer Michihiko Oka—"A newcomer of star potential."

by Walter Terry

The energy crisis? What, you may ask, have dance and dancers to do with that? The world, including rich America, is desperate about its natural resources, about oil, gas, and, indeed, all the fuels that make it possible for us to live the way we want to live. So it is that industrialists want to conserve and environmentalists wish to preserve what we have left. But there is one major source of energy that replenishes itself quicker than any other natural resource, and that is the energy generated by human beings. It is the age-old function of dance and of dancers to celebrate that energy; yet it is the energy, in hard times, to be overlooked first.

Our priorities? I read not long ago that the French, during their heating crisis, gave first priority to bakeries (French without their bread? *Mon Dieu!*) and second to old people's institutions. Here at home, dollars for military hardware take precedence over people; yet people, presumably, are what we are all about. One of the great dance troupes that represents people best, and American people especially, is the Alvin Ailey City Center Dance Theater. It may collapse, for want of financial aid, at almost any time. Yet it seems to me that it is America in microcosm, for it is the melting pot we have promised the world for nearly two centuries.

The great American dance companies, which bring us greater prestige abroad than most of our politicians and diplomats, all need funding. Even the prestigious New York City Ballet, which has nearly exhausted its long-range multi-million-dollar Ford Foundation grants, needs money desperately. One dance enterprise after another seems destined to disappear from view with less fanfare than attends the demolition of a fine old building.

Ailey is one of many who do not deserve to go. Just look at him and his choreographers and dancers, artists who bring audiences to their feet cheering, who make onlookers clap in rhythm as they participate in a great artistic expression, who bring tears and laughter and healthy anger. Ailey is a black, university-educated, brilliant, gifted Texas farm boy. In his dancing days he was both beautiful and electrifying. Today, his choreographies serve both ballet and modern dance because they are theater dance. He will show us violence and near-hopelessness in *Masekela Langage* and sheer joy, the jubilation of the spirit, in *Revelations.* His *Streams* relates the nature outside man to the nature within him; the magnificent solo *Cry,* which he created for Judith Jamison, is the heroic, viscerally potent voice of majestic black women, and his production of the late Ted Shawn's *Kinetic Molpai* is his testament to a white titan of American dance.

In the Ailey dance family, both on stage and behind the scenes, you will find blacks, whites, Orientals; Jews, Christians, and Moslems; descendants of slaves, of colonial pioneers, of recent immigrants. They work together superbly. The girls are enormously gifted and lovely, such as the Haiti-reared Sara Yarborough, as beautiful and as talented as her mother, Lavinia Williams, remembered by a preceding generation as a Katherine Dunham dancer and a dazzling Broadway performer. Sara is a very special artist. The men are strong, invested with the dynamism and the daring of pioneers. Each is a stunning dancer, ranging from the explosively exciting Hector Mercado, a graduate of New York City's High School of the Performing Arts, to Michihiko Oka, a newcomer of star potential. There are still others: the magnificent Miss Jamison, the commanding John Parks, the beautifully lyrical Dudley Williams, the exquisite Donna Wood and Linda Kent and Sylvia Waters and . . . on and on.

In the Ailey troupe all manner of human energies are channeled into a stirring, creative artistic experience. But these dancers possess a very special brand of energy. How can it be described? Some years ago, a noted scholar of antiquities and human heritages of the Middle East told me that our translation of those biblical words of Saint John is inaccurate. It reads, "In the beginning was the Word and the Word was with God and the Word was God." He noted that *Word* had been translated from the Greek *logos,* and he asserted that in ancient days *logos* had quite a different meaning from "the Word": It meant "Energy." Thus, the opening passage would read, "In the beginning was Energy and Energy was with God and Energy was God."

Martha Graham has referred to dancers as divine athletes, as acrobats of

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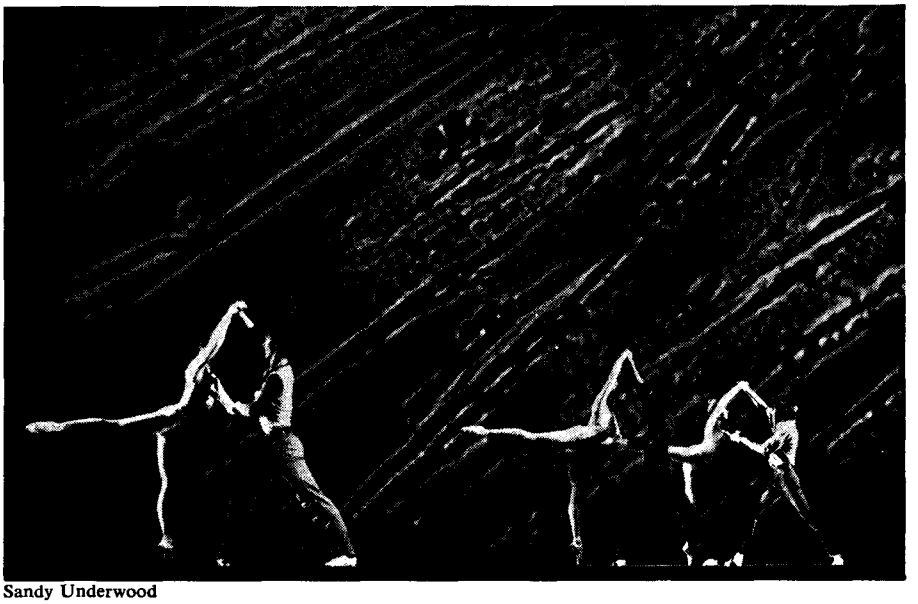
God. If dancers are, indeed, the possessors of that divine energy of which the Bible speaks, that energy should not be lost. The Alvin Ailey City Center Dance Theater is but one of many honorable dance groups serving as custodians of divine energy. Should we permit it to escape us because it lacks financial support, as we allocate funds to energies that destroy or are consumed? I hope not. For in the ancient, Apocryphal Acts of John, Jesus reportedly said, "Those who do not dance will not comprehend the way of life."



Sandy Underwood

The Cincinnati Ballet Company in the multimedia work "Et Cetera."

THE CINCINNATI BALLET COMPANY is of modest size, moderately well known in the dance world, and a model of what small dance companies, situated far from Broadway, can accomplish. Fortunately, the company has a home and doesn't have to hire a hall; it is closely associated with the College-Conservatory of Music of the University of Cincinnati and has thereby shared in the splendid generosity of the Corbett Foundation. The growth and the success of the Cincinnati Ballet brings to mind the prophecy of Dr. Alma Hawkins, a very wise woman who heads the largest educational dance department in the world, at the University of California at Los Angeles. A few years ago she said that she believed the survival of American dance theater would be best served by giving performing troupes homes in universities where facilities—classrooms, rehearsal halls, theaters—would be free to resident groups.

The Cincinnati Ballet Company is thriving under just the arrangement Dr. Hawkins recommended. With each year the activities of the company—and there are others like it across the land—increase, and dancers, because they can be guaranteed longer periods of employment, remain, untempted to leave for more fertile areas. In fact, David McLain, the imaginative director of the Cincinnati Ballet Company, tells me that he hopes he can keep his dancers at work, in performance or in rehearsal, for the fifty-two weeks of the year, starting this year.

Mr. McLain also knows that *Swan Lake, The Sleeping Beauty*, and other spectacle ballets are not for his company, although he admits that he is going to succumb to the nationwide pressure for a Christmastime *Nutcracker*. Instead, he has, with the invaluable, indeed essential, aid of James Truitte and Carmen De Lavallade, commenced building a special wing of ballets created by the late Lester Horton, one of the West Coast's most renowned dance figures.

Mr. McLain, knowing that modern-dance works even by a Horton are not enough for a balanced ballet repertory, has engaged the services of Dame Alicia Markova to bring her very special brand of classicism to bear on his company. Dame Alicia recently staged and most effectively coached a production of Anton Dolin's re-creation of the celebrated Victorian *Pas de quatre*, in which she herself was once cheered in performances around the world. Normally, this ballet, about four super-ballerinas of the early 1800s, is best served by a quartet of contemporary stars who dislike each other with charming graciousness, but Dame Alicia has made her four young charges, who have not yet developed the sense of rivalry, look good in a most difficult, stylistically demanding, ballet.

Mr. McLain doesn't cease his repertory balancing act there. His own *Concerto* (set to Poulenc's Concerto for Organ, String Orchestra, and Timpani) derives its very shape from the actual architecture of the Corbett Auditorium, in which it is frequently performed, and affords the dancers opportunities to display their balletic skills on a level of accomplishment that challenges them but does not drive them too far.

His newest adventure is the multimedia work *Et Cetera,* choreographed by Louis Johnson, with electronic music by Paul Martin Palombo, projections of crystal photomicrographs (chemical crystals photographed through a microscope and enlarged for stage by fourteen projectors) by Alice Weston, artist, and R. Marshall Wilson, chemist, and with scenic and lighting design by Jay Depenbrock.

Et Cetera brings the viewer into contact with white-clad figures who seem like celestial (not necessarily angelic!) images—cool, classical, and correct—moving against vast and fantastic projections. These figures, in Johnson's choreographic form, are contrasted with earthly figures in blue jeans (some in hard hats)—relating fantasy and reality, the distant and the near, the human and the spatial. There is a humorous commentary (a trifle too broad), which tells of a live ballet dancer attempting to attract the attention of an audience glued to a television screen. The only way she succeeds in making them notice her at all is by getting behind the TV screen and moving in silhouette. It is as if man were settling for the comfort of two dimensions although surrounded by mass, by weight, by space—a space that Jerome Robbins once characterized as volume, not void.

Et Cetera and, in fact, the Cincinnati Ballet Company itself tell us that American dance energies are to be found not only in the great theaters and opera houses of the world but also on campuses, at educational institutions willing to nourish both art and artist and to permit the dance creator to adventure, as do astronauts, into that endlessly marvelous realm of space that is the dancer's horizonless world. □

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Music

What Makes Maria Sing?

by Irving Kolodin

Whatever happens in Carnegie Hall on Sunday night February 17, a part of the musical community will profit. If Maria Callas makes her long-awaited reappearance in America with tenor Giuseppe di Stefano, the Metropolitan Opera Guild will benefit to the amount of approximately $50,000 from ticket charges to the curious. If she doesn't, a solid segment of her well-wishers will be satisfied to remember the Callas of her last American stage appearances at the old Met in 1965.

Reference to the amount of $50,000 is not without significance. Although Callas is American-born and has been considered for Metropolitan Opera engagements from 1945 on, she was—for a variety of professional reasons—restricted to a mere twenty-one performances in the following twenty years. More than half of them (eleven) occurred in 1956, at a fee of $1000 per performance. Even if the fee were doubled, or tripled, for the other ten performances (eight in 1957–58, the other two in 1965), the amount of her earnings would still be less than $50,000. So Callas is, in effect, giving back to the Metropolitan all the money she has earned from it. (I do not downgrade the contribution of di Stefano, but he would obviously draw no part of such costly curiosity on his own.)

Clearly Callas is not extending her comeback exclusively, or even primarily, for money-making reasons. Doubtless such appearances have a stimulating effect on the sale of her recordings. But she told me, when she was living in New York during the fall and winter of 1971–72 and spending two days a week working with young professionals at The Juilliard School, that her records were selling as well as ever.

That fall-winter was a testing one for Callas. I refer not to her risking the charge of being a "washed-up performer" because she took on an educational stint at Juilliard (and did it extremely well). I refer, rather, to the program of personal work she carried out on the non-class days of the week, with her good friend and able colleague on the Metropolitan Opera's musical staff, Alberta Masiello.

As regularly as the most diligent tyros, they met in the largest studio Juilliard could assign for the purpose (it is normally a rehearsal hall for small orchestra ensembles). Like expert mechanics dealing with the faulty mechanism of a luxury car, they examined the Callas problem from every angle: vocal, verbal, muscular, and, not least of all, mental. To those she trusted, Callas confided that she had never, in the common locution, "lost her voice" or anything like that. She contended that, unlike some eminent predecessors, her problem had nothing to do with the vocal chords per se—no functional failure due to growths such as nodes or polyps, or even partial paralysis (such as has afflicted one well-known colleague). She had lost poise and control as the result of a muscular mishap, she declared, which cost her the all-important breath support from the diaphragm.

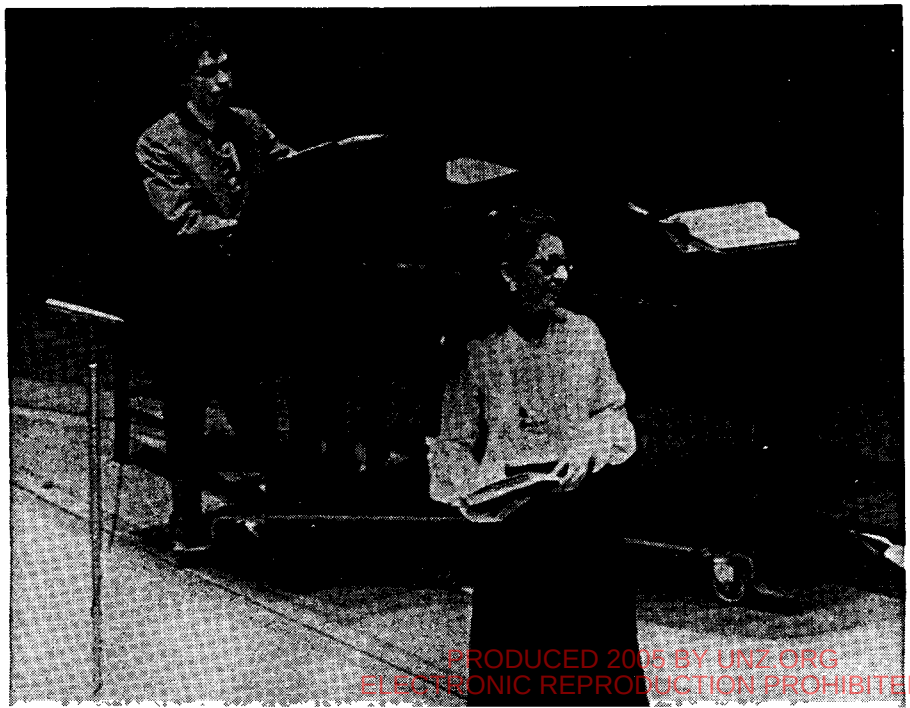
That shortcoming, she contended, was now behind her: "All" she had to do was realign the internal mechanism and make it do her bidding. She enthused about her work with the young pros, as they enthused about their work with the old pro. She went eagerly to each session not only for the rapport she enjoyed with her group—a vocal-wise audience that crowded The Juilliard Theater week after week—but also to learn, through analyzing their problems, how to focus better on her own.

As the weeks and months passed, she would report that she was well on the way to her goal—half the way, two-thirds of the way, finally "almost" all the way. As those who heard her confidently launch into impromptu vocal demonstrations for her students would attest, the middle register was Callas—vibrant, veiled, a little husky, as it traditionally had been. The higher register was mostly silence. In all, she was pleased to claim that she was singing "much better than when I did those last Toscas at the Met." But those, I reminded her, were in the stream of an ongoing career, and it was the theatrical results that were inimitable, not the vocal means at her disposal. For Callas, the argument didn't hold water.

Eventually, at a social evening in her honor, a celebrated conductor and sometime collaborator asked me, privately, how her program of work was progressing. I reported that, at her last estimate, she was "ninety-five percent of what she had been." "Not good enough," he commented. "If she's not a hundred percent, she shouldn't sing again."

At the end of her work at Juilliard, she went back to Europe with the intention of returning to New York in late spring or early summer and doing, with Masiello, the final work to determine whether she could close the last gap and perform again. She never did return to New York for that purpose. Eventually word came that she and di Stefano were working together—that they were psychologically reliving their great triumphs

Maria Callas—"She took on an educational stint at The Juilliard School."
Louis Peres



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of the late Fifties, giving each other courage and, of course, confidence.

What makes Maria sing if it is not financial need? Boredom, lack of a family or children to concern herself with, a paucity of other interests—all have a part in the answer. Those are, for the most part, on the surface. Probing deeper, I would mention the matter of age. At her last American appearances, Callas was barely into her forties—an age at which most dramatic artists of her caliber are just approaching their prime. To be sure, she had sung leading roles in wartime Greece when she was in her teens; but she had, after the famous diet that enabled her to shed more than forty pounds, taken very good care of herself. And she is, even today, a young fifty.

Where public figures are concerned, adulation is a food supplement hard to do without once one has become accustomed to it. It can take the place of love, parental or conjugal, and even of sex. Finally, she has a point to prove to those —including Onassis—who said she would never make it back and urged her to give it all up.

It would be useless, I suppose, to remind Callas that she has already proven everything there is to be proven about being a great singer, from Kundry to Mimi. Or to recall her remarks to a group of students hanging on every word: "Singing is no different from playing the violin or the piano. You have to have the technique to use the instrument before you can do anything worthwhile with the music." Or her assertion, when a suggestion was made that the comeback—if there was to be one—be launched in modest circumstances where she could evaluate how much of the last 5 percent she had really mastered: "None of that for me. I want to look the lion in the eye. I will go to London." The report of the London venture suggests that the audience may have been cowed, but the lions of the press growled right back at the no longer all-intimidating lion tamer.

It is a fact that Callas was motivated to her present course by the response of di Stefano's fans to his recent labored efforts, thinking that her fans would be kind to her also. "Kind fans" were good enough for di Stefano, who was, at his best, a pretty good tenor. But that is not good enough for Maria Callas, the greatest operatic artist of her time. □

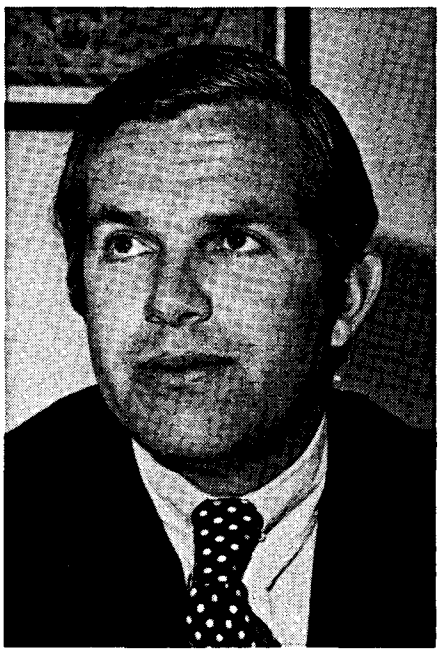
Answer to Wit Twister (see page 45): grouse, rogues, rugose, rouges.

(Report: *continued from page 12.*)

"There was never an *ab initio* decision to 'get Agnew' or even to investigate Agnew," one or another member of the team will tell people who ask them. What happened was this: Previous investigations under Tydings and Sachs had uncovered a fair amount of political corruption related to zoning and construction financing in the suburban counties outside Washington. This created the suspicion that similar practices might be going on in Baltimore County, the state's second most populous county, and one in which corruption stories had long been a staple of conversation. Beall had begun his tenure in office with investigations into pollution, drug traffic, and gambling. In the spring of 1972, those cases concluding, he decided to see what there was to all those Baltimore County stories.

It was in the course of that investigation, which quickly hit pay dirt, that Spiro Agnew was caught—quite by accident. Investigators from Beall's office and from the Internal Revenue Service began accumulating considerable evidence of payoffs and kickbacks by engineering firms doing business with the county and state. A key figure was William E. Fornoff, who as county administrator served directly under the elected county executive. Fornoff appeared to be the conduit for the payoff money. One day his lawyer —Steve Sachs—dropped by the courthouse to propose a deal. If his client was granted immunity, Sachs told his former aide, Barney Skolnick, he would offer some evidence against bigger names, including, presumably, the county executive, Dale Anderson. As U.S. attorney, Sachs himself had refined to precious crystal the procedure for dealing with small-time crooks involved with bigger ones. In Sachs's view, that technique—which prosecutors call "dealing up"—was particularly suited to dealing with white-collar criminals: "Hoodlums know how to do time. Businessmen don't. Jail terrifies them." As U.S. attorney, Sachs had gone so far as to give total immunity to cooperating small fry. Beall opposed going that far. So, in this case, did Skolnick. Eventually Sachs and Beall worked out a mutually satisfactory arrangement, and Fornoff "dealt" them not only Dale Anderson but also engineering consultants who had been playing the kickback game before Anderson came into office.

The lawyer for two of them, Joseph H. H. Kaplan, also a former assistant to Sachs, dropped by the courthouse one day in May 1973 to mention to Timmy Baker that his clients could deal up, too—this time, an unnamed Republican official; Kaplan described that official as being so powerful that he clearly meant the Vice President. Agnew had preceded Anderson as county executive. "You probably aren't interested," Kaplan said, airily, in what I would guess was a nice, veiled way of suggesting a deal and of warning that if Beall wasn't interested, well, *The Washington Post* might be.



Wide World

Beall—"He was going to try his utmost to keep the traditions of his office alive."

Nobody on Beall's staff doubted for a moment that he would pursue the investigation with vigor and professionalism. What they did worry about was their appearing to be engaged in a sophisticated cover-up by sticking to his belief that total immunity was not necessary. "There was a lot of gallows humor about that for the next few weeks," Skolnick recalls. Beall would joke about the Ervin committee's coming to town some day and charging that Beall had refused to grant total immunity to Lester Matz, one of the engineers who wanted to talk—and two Agnew aides who also wanted to —just so they wouldn't deal him Agnew. Such a tactic might have been possible. President Nixon may have refused immunity to John Dean in order to make sure he wouldn't squeal. Had Beall refused even the partial immunity to which he finally agreed for some of the witnesses against Agnew, the case could have fallen apart. Lawyers then might

(Continued on page 57.)

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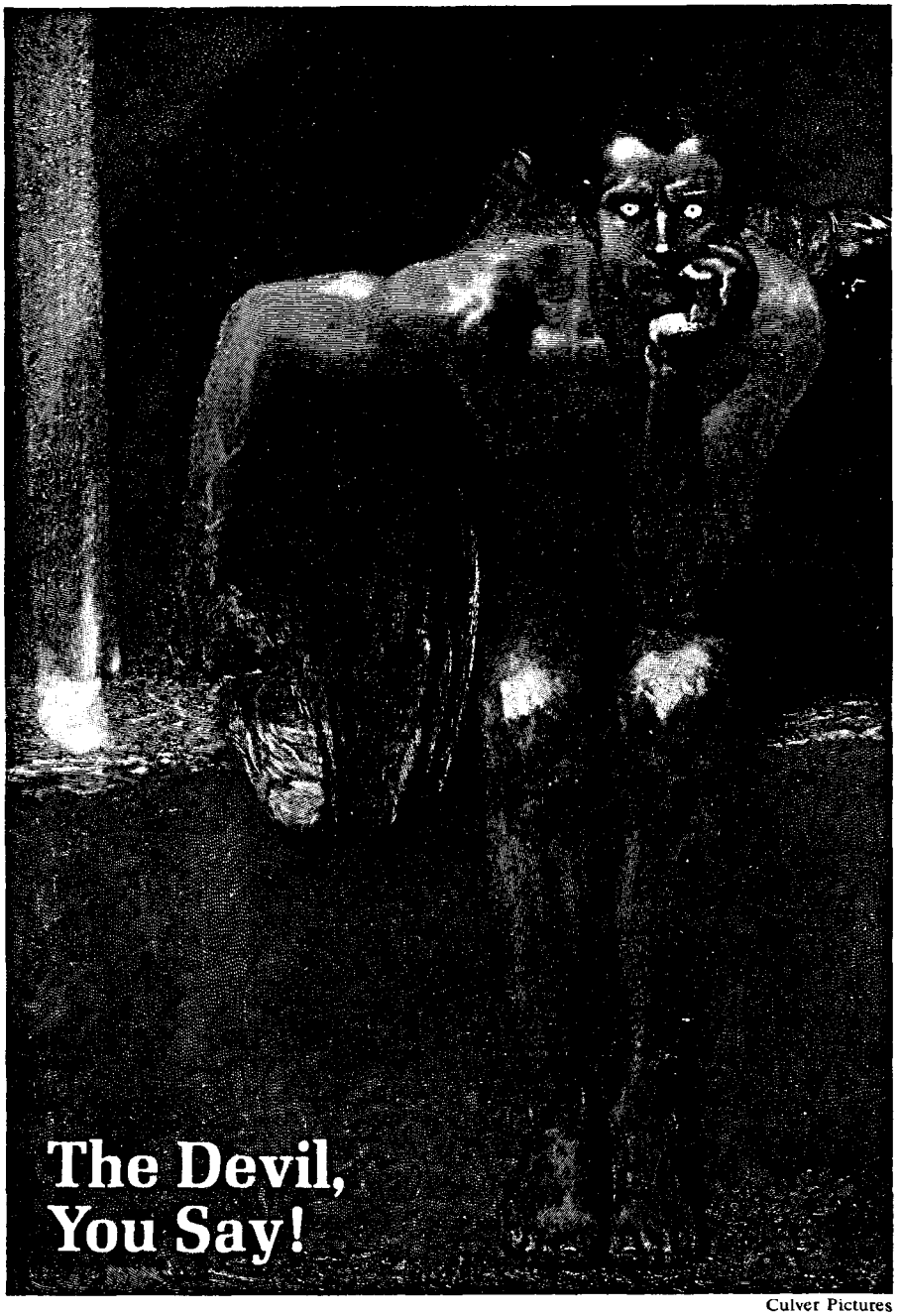

The Devil, You Say!

Culver Pictures

by Hollis Alpert

The devil and his helpers (demons, witches, et al.) have not only fascinated mankind through the ages; they have, in more recent times, also intrigued filmmakers. So far as the entertainment media are concerned, it is perhaps not too much to say that the devil has eclipsed God in popularity. He is to be seen frequently on late-night television (and occasionally in prime time) in one horrible form or another; he was responsible for Rosemary's notorious baby; and in *The Mephisto Waltz* his favorite theme music was the familiar Liszt composition for piano. But never has he assumed more awesome and vivid form than in *The Exorcist,* a film on which Warner Brothers has lavished sums of money of the kind that formerly endowed the biblical epics.

William Peter Blatty, author of both the novel and the screenplay, may not have known it at the time he began writing his story of demonic possession, but he had his finger firmly on the popular pulse. The youthful counterculture was in flower, and one of its fads was Satanism, described by Andrew Greeley, a sociologist and Roman Catholic priest, "as partly a put-on, partly neurotic, partly an escape, and partly dead serious." One might almost describe the film in the same terms.

The original case on which Blatty based his fiction occurred in 1949 and seems reasonably well verified. A fourteen-year-old boy exhibited symptoms of possession that could not be explained in medical or psychiatric terms. A Roman Catholic priest was called in to exorcise whatever spirit or demon was inhabiting the boy, and the exorcism was effective. There are news accounts documenting the case, and, in fact, it was Blatty's coming across those items that triggered his fictional impulse. It must be said that it was a stroke of commercial genius that led him to change the boy to a delightful twelve-year-old girl, whose mother is a movie star—not unlike Shirley MacLaine, so a publicity release informs me. By making the mother a religious doubter, less willing to believe in God than in the possibility of a devil, he struck contemporary sparks, too. "There is no reason," wrote the above-mentioned Father Greeley, "to doubt the existence of evil in the world—but considerable uncertainty about the existence or at least the durability of good." And only a year or so ago Pope Paul VI warned his worldwide Catholic flock of the reality of Satan and the evils of Satanism.

Perhaps it is against that background that *The Exorcist* comes on with shocking and timely force. As a feat of filmmaking alone it is extraordinary, its details chiseled and polished to near-perfection. Movies have excelled in the horror genre in the past, but surely this is the best of the horror films. And if we accept the Aristotelian dictums on what constitutes drama, we have here a classic case of audience catharsis achieved through pity and terror.

FOR A FILM that deals with such shocking and profane matters, it is interesting that the Roman Catholic Church has tacitly, at least, given it its endorsement. Among its technical advisers were three Jesuit priests, two of whom appear in the film. It is an anti–Roman Catholic demon, after all, that inhabits the body of poor little Regan MacNeil, whose parents one may assume to be lapsed Catholics. However, a prologue indicates that this particular demon originated in pre-Christian times. At an archaeological dig in northern Iraq, an old priest comes across a symbol of his presence, as well as an amulet worn for protection against the evil he represents. Dogs bark and growl, and against the sky are silhouetted the figures of Father Merrin and his dreadful adversary. Father Merrin, an expert in exorcism, knows that the evil one will manifest himself, and he is ready with his last breath to give battle.

So, it is in a rented house in Georgetown (an apt location these days) that little Regan endures her torments. The unexplainable and the unseemly occur, mildly at first. Strange scratching noises in the attic are heard; Regan appears at a

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polite party and urinates on the rug; her bed shakes uncontrollably; her bedroom takes on a chill that can't be accounted for by the weather. But those shivery matters are mild compared with what follows. And, for those who are squeamish, this film is not recommended, even if they have already read the novel and are aware of the foul occurrences.

For any doubters in the audience, Blatty and William Friedkin, the director, have made sure that all rational methods are applied to explain Regan's affliction. Tests reveal no brain lesion; the psychiatrists who are called in are baffled. And about the only thing left to try is the ancient rite of Roman exorcism.

There is more than one kind of exorcism, of course. A cabalistic rite was employed in Eastern Europe in the seventeenth century to exorcise an unclean spirit known as a dybbuk, although biblical and talmudic Judaism are singularly free of such demonic references. However, in the New Testament, Jesus cast out demons from among his followers, transmigrating them, in one celebrated case, into a flock of 2000 swine, which promptly cast themselves from a convenient cliff. The devil as we more commonly know him, then, is a specifically Christian incarnation. In Job, Satan appears as a clever adversary of God; he is personified more as a malignant influence on human beings than as a being with horns, claws, a monstrous visage, and a serpentine tail. By the thirteenth century, the devil was thriving throughout Christian Europe, and he served as the excuse for some of the bloodiest inquisitions and persecutions in human history. His demon assistants had names such as Bael, Forcas, Marchiocias, and Astaroth. Later, Marlowe and Goethe made use of him for their dramatic and poetic conceptions.

OLD FATHER MERRIN does not doubt the existence of the devil in *The Exorcist,* but the young psychiatric priest, Father Karras, does, and it takes considerable convincing by whatever demonic spirit inhabits poor Regan before he is willing to assist in the rite of exorcism from the Roman ritual. For, after all, the rite has all but fallen into disuse in our own rationalistic time. While believing that cases of possession have indeed occurred, the Church has, for several hundred years, taken the position that they are the result of morbid—which is to say neurotic or psychotic—conditions.

It is one of the successes of the film that we are at last convinced that there is no other cause for Regan's monstrous transformation than that of demonic possession. Friedkin, with unerring timing, builds the case, and with it suspense. One might quibble with a few of the details. How does it happen that young Father Karras wears around his neck the amulet found by Father Merrin in the excavation in Iraq? If he does not believe in demons, why would he be wearing that particular magic protection? In terms of plot, it has some usefulness, for it is when the possessed Regan tears the amulet from his neck that it is possible for him to take the demon into his own person.

TECHNICALLY, the film is a wonder. The Iraq sequence is beautifully photographed. The special effects are, quite literally, marvelous. And the acting all along the line is superb: Ellen Burstyn as the dreadfully harassed mother, Jason Miller as the young priest, and Max von Sydow as the old exorcist. But the focus of the story is on little Linda Blair as Regan, and certainly there will be widespread alarm about the effect on her of the shocking blasphemies and obscenities she utters, the ugly bile she spews from her mouth, the physical pummeling she endures. It is best to remember that it is done with mirrors, so to speak. If we can't quite figure out how all of the supernatural effects are achieved, it is nevertheless by trickery, and, in this case, it is consummately clever.

Impossible, you say, that such goings-on could happen in a pleasantly luxurious house in a suburb of Washington, D.C.? Or that an actual Jesuit priest expelled a demon from a fourteen-year-old boy living in Mt. Rainier, Maryland? You don't believe in devils or witches or demons? Then you may take the only other possible explanation, which the film implies with only the faintest of whispers: that all the participants—daughter, mother, priests, and psychiatrists—were the victims of the power of suggestion; that, in other words, they hallucinated—all of them—the whole thing. Add it up that way, and it makes a certain sense out of the non-sense.

But William Peter Blatty and William Friedkin would prefer that we believe, or at least temporarily withhold our skepticism, and it is to that end that they have manufactured their extraordinary thriller. Oh, by the way, in the end God wins—or does He? □

(**Report:** *continued from page 55.*)
have leaked the true story to the public, but Agnew still might have escaped his fate of having to resign in disgrace.

GEORGE BEALL will not remain in the job much longer. "I planned to stay three years at a minimum," he says, "four years at a maximum. In four years you lay about all the track you can put down." His four years will be up in May, and he expects to be gone by the summer's end.

Beall denies political ambitions, at least immediate ones. He says there are two reasons why he prefers not to run for elective office soon. First, to do so would cast suspicion on the work he has done in the Anderson-Agnew cases. People might think, "Ah-ha, he did it all for the political mileage he could get." Second, his brother, J. Glenn Beall, Jr., is now one of the state's two senators. George doesn't think Marylanders would like to see two of the three top jobs they have to offer held—or sought—by one family.

With high elective office barred to him for many years if his brother remains a successful vote-getter, and for a few years even if he doesn't, Beall's thoughts about his future are on other things. Appointive public office is one possibility, though not, he suspects, until a new Republican administration takes power. Beall would enjoy being a federal judge, and he can name judges now sitting who are younger than he is. Beall might make an excellent Cabinet officer. He ran the office of U.S. attorney as an executive rather than as a lead counsel or a political crusader. At this time, return to private practice would appear to be Beall's most likely next step. Steve Sachs sometimes sees himself as a Henry Stimson–type lawyer, moving back and forth between a Baltimore establishment law firm and high-level Washington service. That role would be logical for Beall, too. Stimson, FDR's secretary of war, who served in three presidents' Cabinets, was a U.S. attorney early in his career—in the Southern District of New York, where the tradition of political independence and vigor in attacking political crime was born. THEO LIPPMAN, JR.

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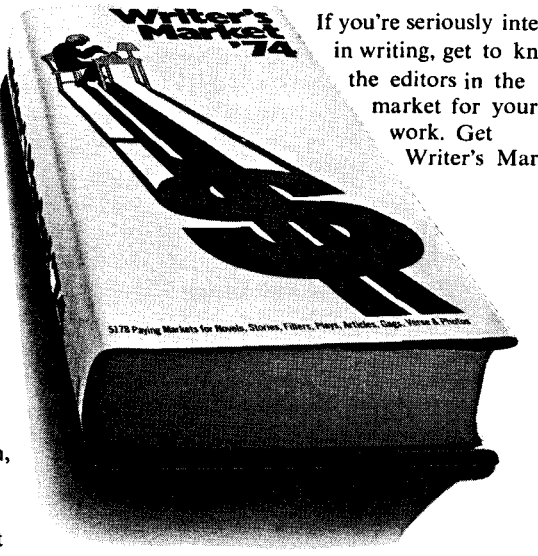

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Militant Teachers

Last summer the National Education Association (NEA) and the American Federation of Teachers (AFT) announced that in the fall they would launch talks leading toward a merger of the two groups. The announcement was widely reported, and the potential power of a single organization representing all of the nation's 2 million teachers was generally recognized, but the full significance of what is happening to teachers and their organizations was not.

The possibility of serious discussions of merger at the national level of the professionally oriented NEA and the AFL-CIO–affiliated AFT was virtually unthinkable as recently as a year ago. By the summer of 1972, a handful of local teacher associations and teacher unions had already merged, and the first statewide merger had just been voted by the teachers in New York. At its annual convention that summer, the NEA gave its blessing to the mergers that had already been consummated but prohibited any further moves in that direction by its member locals. The sticking point was the AFT's insistence that the merged organizations affiliate with the AFL-CIO. Last summer, in contrast, while still asserting an unwillingness to compromise on the issue of AFL-CIO affiliation, the NEA invited the AFT to enter into discussions "looking toward the goal of uniting all educators in a single national organization."

Teacher unity is not going to be achieved easily and probably not soon. The differences between the NEA's small-city and rural membership and the AFT's urban-based, union-oriented supporters still run deep. But the contrasts in style and purpose between the two organizations are far less significant today than they were a decade ago. The traditional image of the NEA teacher, with her middle-class values and working-class paycheck, is no longer a true picture. Teachers' salaries have risen substantially since the mid-1960s, more men have entered teaching, militancy among teachers has increased, and new leadership in the NEA rivals that of the AFT in energy, in shrewdness—and, perhaps, even in toughness. Meanwhile, the vision of a single, militant organization of teachers combining the NEA's 1.4 million members and the AFT's 375,000 holds out the promise of formidable economic and political power—and consequent influence in determining educational policy.

But the true significance of the merger talks for the American public does not depend upon success in bringing about a united profession. Whether or not the NEA and the AFT actually merge in the foreseeable future, the important element in the picture is that complex of forces that made the talks possible and that appears to be pushing teachers toward unity.

During the 1960s American teachers learned from the example of the small but potent AFT—as well as from other employee groups, such as the police, firemen, and sanitation workers—that a strong, aggressive organization can generate economic and political power. During the same period the civil-rights movement sparked dramatic changes in the etiquette of social protest that eroded traditional middle-class attitudes about proper behavior for teachers. At the same time the psychic rewards of teaching that had often made for job satisfaction despite low pay and poor working conditions were fast disappearing. Schools were becoming larger, more highly structured, and more impersonal as management of education increasingly was divorced from teaching. Often, too, teachers did not identify with the community in which they taught—and often enough did not even live there. The result was a progressive sense of alienation from both the school and the community; it was to the group—either union or association—that teachers turned increasingly for security and support.

More recently new factors have been feeding the fires of alienation. As teachers become more independent, not only have the lines between labor and management been drawn more clearly in the schools, but also the teachers' ancient alliance with parents has been increasingly strained. Americans are experiencing a sense of disenchantment with their schools because the sometimes unrealistic expectations of the past decade have not been fulfilled. As education costs rise, growing numbers of school districts are rejecting annual budgets—at the very time that federal and state funds are drying up. Thus it is clear that teachers must progressively look to themselves and their organizations for the power to realize the goals of their profession.

It is far from clear just what the chances for merger in the near future are. Last month discussions were stalled by a power struggle within the AFT that was precipitated by differences over whether AFL-CIO affiliation is a negotiable issue. Nevertheless, many forces are pushing teachers toward the strength that comes from unity. But whether the NEA and the AFT decide to combine or compete, the pressures for strong and aggressive teacher organizations will remain.

James Cass
Education Editor

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Education

Community Colleges: Innovation or Gimmickry?

While much of American higher education is cutting back, the two-year colleges are expanding, even though the value of some of their methods remains unproven.

by Edwin Kiester, Jr.

Whatcom Community College in Ferndale, Washington, is a college without a campus. One thousand students attend classes in churches, Grange halls, firehouses, the Lummi Indian reservation headquarters, and eighty-seven other rented or borrowed locations around the rural Canadian-border county. Student dairy farmers learn agricultural management in their own barns from their own books. Circuit-riding instructors visit them on a regular basis to discuss principles of accounting and marketing, and once a month they all get together for a lecture and discussion.

South Oklahoma City Junior College has abolished established notions of academic time and space. Classes are held in one giant room, in which temporary partitions are erected when privacy seems necessary. Students are admitted to SOCJC every five weeks, instead of merely at spring and fall semesters. They map out an educational plan, setting forth what they hope to achieve, which they then are free to follow whenever and wherever they choose.

Orange Coast College in Costa Mesa, California, recognizes that many students learn by doing rather than by reading, listening, and note taking. Orange Coast business students operate their own retail clothing store, The Windjammer. Classes in accounting, marketing, and data processing revolve around the store's operations—and so do classes in law enforcement. Once a month a holdup is staged so that students can practice principles of crime detection.

To the traditionalists in American higher education, what is happening at Whatcom, South Oklahoma City, and Orange Coast, as well as at many more of the nation's 1100 two-year community colleges, does not qualify as educational innovation, but as gimmickry. In fact, the institutions themselves are frequently put down as "high schools with ashtrays," overblown technical and trade schools, and as a thinly disguised way to keep the blacks off the streets.

Community college officials themselves acknowledge that the educational value of some of their methods remains unproven. Yet while much of American higher education is cutting back, counting its pennies, and trying to maintain a low profile, the community colleges are expanding. In the past five years, while more than one hundred private colleges have closed their doors and others have teetered on the brink of bankruptcy, an equal number of community colleges have opened; and while four-year public colleges and universities have had to scramble for their share of tax money, the community colleges have been heavily funded by both federal and state governments. In education today the community colleges are where the action is.

The ferment on the two-year campus is a natural product of the wave of change that is sweeping the whole philosophy of American higher education. The American academy is being broadly transformed from an exclusive institution to an inclusive one. The once-narrow gates to higher education have been thrown wide to admit every American regardless of race, color, creed, age, sex, or previous bloodstains on his or her high school transcript.

In this revolution the first truly democratic college, the community college, is the spearhead. During the middle 1960s a community college was opening somewhere in America every week. Today the growth rate is slower, but community colleges now make up almost half of the post-secondary institutions in America. They enroll nearly one-third of the 5 million students. And the end is still not in sight. The Carnegie Commission on Higher Education recently called for 230 to 280 more comprehensive community colleges to be established by 1980, putting a college within commuting distance of 95 percent of the U.S. student population. Such expansion would accommodate 35 to 40 percent of all students, the commission predicted, including virtually all the freshmen and sophomores.

Today, the two-year, low-tuition community colleges are still spread unevenly over the land. According to the ERIC (Education Research Information Center) at the University of California, Los Angeles, more than one-third of all community colleges are concentrated in seven states—California, Michigan, Illinois, Florida, Texas, Washington, and New York. ERIC calls these states "saturated," or housing more than enough community colleges for today's needs. Pennsylvania, Ohio, and Massachusetts are said to be approaching saturation. Indiana, Louisiana, West Virginia, New Jersey, Rhode Island, and the District of Columbia still haven't enough space for their population, ERIC states.

ALTHOUGH community colleges are springing up everywhere, many Americans know little about them. Often even their severest critics, who teach at four-year campuses, never have set foot in a two-year public college. The common notion is that community colleges are overblown high schools and trade schools where minimally qualified teachers dish out a second-rate education to an ever-changing procession of ghetto dwellers and dropouts with learning problems —and that the colleges are small, underfunded, and poorly equipped. In fact, the average community college today enrolls about 2500 students; Long Beach City, in California, and Miami-Dade, in Florida, each have more than 30,000 part- and full-time students. A few community colleges still rent space in the high school basement, but many have full-fledged, well-equipped campuses. Penn Valley College, in Kansas City, Missouri, which opened last fall, cost $30 million.

Across the nation, about 8 percent of community college faculty hold doctorates; 70 percent, master's degrees; 10 percent, bachelor's degrees. The remainder, who have not completed college, teach primarily vocational subjects. The percentage of those holding doctorates is steadily rising—ERIC officials estimate it will be between 12 and 15 percent by 1980. However, not everyone sees "professionalization" as a promis-

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ing trend. Frank Newman of the HEW Task Force on Higher Education says that one of the community colleges' strengths is that faculty members have one foot in the world of work and none in an ivory tower. He also notes that community college faculty spend nineteen to twenty-three hours a week in the classroom. The four-year-college average is six to nine hours a week.

Sampling a community college curriculum is like stepping up to a smorgasbord. The basic dishes are vocational: computer management, data processing, offset printing, medical-laboratory technique. Often the courses are closely related to local job opportunities and may even be planned in cooperation with local employers. At Santa Ana College in Santa Ana, California, for example, a full schedule of courses is offered in such subjects as insurance underwriting, actuarial mathematics, and policy preparation, because a large number of regional insurance company headquarters have congregated in Orange County. Civil-service courses also are popular for bureaucrats who wish to upgrade themselves. Evening classes offer many noncredit adult "recreational" subjects. Courses in the Santa Ana catalog include patio cooking, sewing for men, ice-skating, coed volleyball, auto care for women, and the making of men's hairpieces.

But that side of the curriculum can be exaggerated. Three out of five freshmen still sign up for the "transfer" program, the academic curriculum that prepares them for third- and fourth-year study and an eventual bachelor's degree. The course offerings here correspond roughly to the first two years of a four-year college. The attrition rate in transfer programs is high—more than 50 percent fail to finish the first semester. But the 20 percent who stay the full two years, receive an Associate of Arts or Associate of Applied Science degree, and then go on to upper-division study do just as well as those who went to four-year campuses in the first place. "The records show you can't distinguish them from the natives," says Arthur M. Cohen of ERIC.

As for the students, it is almost impossible to generalize about a group that numbers nearly 2 million—or about their motives. During a recent visit to a "learning center" on one Southern California two-year campus, desks were occupied by three women in their forties, a retired military officer, a black truck driver, two young Chicano girls, two long-haired boys who would have been at home on any campus, and a recent immigrant from Nicaragua who was practicing English with a tape recorder. "Well, the children are grown, and my husband travels a lot, and I decided, 'Edith, it's time you learned something'; so here I am," one of the housewives explained. The truck driver was a grade-school dropout who was there primarily to learn mathematics and improve his spoken English: "I found I couldn't get out from behind that wheel until I did." The Nicaraguan had been a college student in his homeland and hoped to learn his new language well enough to resume his studies.

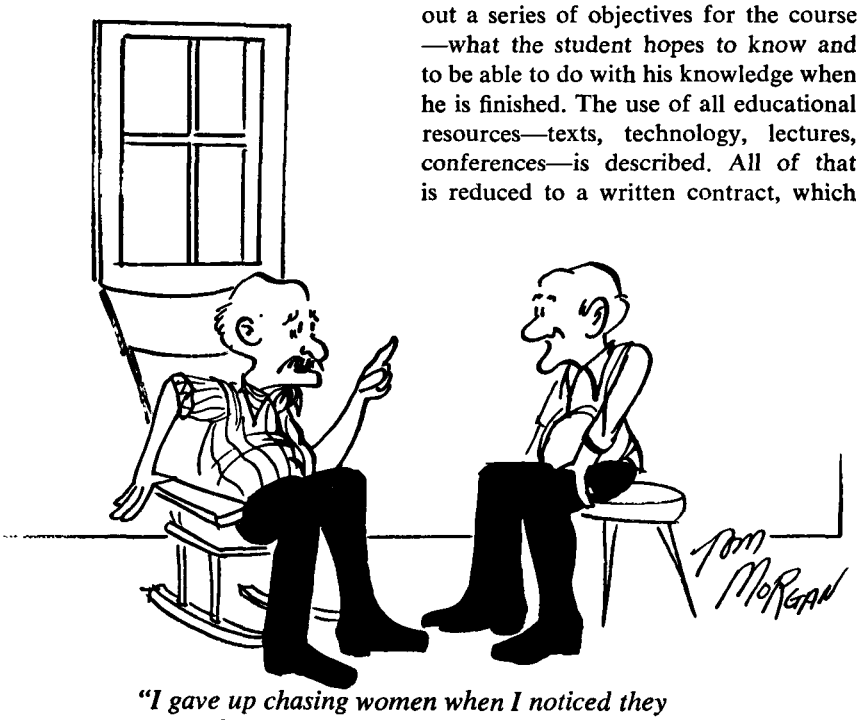
Demographically, what L. Patricia Cross of Educational Testing Service has called "the new learners" are older, blacker, and poorer than previous generations of students. Half the community college freshmen are over twenty-one (and the Carnegie Commission predicts that by the year 2000, half will be over thirty). Two out of three are men; nearly half have families and hold full-time jobs. Three out of five in urban colleges have family incomes of $10,000 or less.

At least one study has shown that community college students are drawn in almost equal proportions from all four quartiles of academic ability in the general population: Many bright students choose community colleges because they can live at home, hold a job, and save money. As a whole, however, community college students have been shown to be less academically oriented than four-year-college students.

The students are shrewd enough to recognize the economic value of a college credential, however, and they want a meaningful diploma. College after college that has attempted to water down standards has run into resistance from students who want to feel they have achieved something. Two-year students have insisted that even the newest and most urban campuses must "feel" like the colleges they have seen in the movies. "A guy who could perfect a strain of ivy that would grow in three days could make a million dollars selling it to community colleges," says Arthur Cohen.

But the most striking feature of the two-year schools is not the absence of ivy—it is the absence of moss. To be sure, there are many conservative institutions among the community colleges whose educational methods could not be distinguished from those of the most hidebound four-year college—or high school. But others have been far bolder than most four-year colleges. Many changes have been purely administrative: For example, Miami-Dade operates a "Weekend College" for students who can't come to class during the week.

But many of the changes adopted by community colleges are more basic. Many schools, for instance, operate on "the systems approach" to education. That means student and instructor work out a series of objectives for the course —what the student hopes to know and to be able to do with his knowledge when he is finished. The use of all educational resources—texts, technology, lectures, conferences—is described. All of that is reduced to a written contract, which



"I gave up chasing women when I noticed they were slowing down to let me catch them."

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instructor and student sign. Periodic tests and a tentative schedule are included.

The community colleges' heavy plunge into educational technology also stems from a desire to reduce student feelings of failure. "No machine ever tells a student he can't learn," says Hayden Williams of Golden West. Technology also is a method of providing students more individual attention. Many community colleges provide students with a full battery of computer-assisted instruction, audio and videotape cassettes, slides, and films. A few, like Chicago City and Los Angeles City, rely heavily on open-circuit television. "Adults may believe that listening to a tape recorder is an impersonal way to learn," says President Dudley Boyce of Golden West, "but these students have been picking up information that way all their lives."

Of course, many community college problems remain to be solved. One of the most formidable is that of transfer credit. Many four-year institutions, especially private ones, refuse to accept a community college A.A. or A.A.S. degree at full value for advanced standing. They also reserve the right to pick and choose which course credits they will approve. In some states a community college graduate is guaranteed junior standing in any public institution but may be required to make up credits in subject areas. Although some community colleges plan their transfer programs in cooperation with neighboring four-year schools, there is a gulf between the two groups of institutions.

A second problem is the high attrition rate in community colleges, which enroll two to three freshmen for every sophomore. The best estimates are that fewer than 40 percent persist through two full years. Only 20 percent of those who start ever get four-year diplomas. However, those figures can't be taken completely at face value: Some students attend for a semester, drop out to earn money, and attend for another semester sometime later. One study has shown that a high percentage of students who complete their first year at a community college transfer immediately to four-year campuses. But community colleges obviously must do something to increase their holding power. Even Golden West, with its emphasis on technologically based individual attention, loses 25 percent of its freshmen.

Other unsolved problems are administrative but hit the community colleges hard. Crime, for example, afflicts many of the urban campuses, as it afflicts their surrounding neighborhoods. Several of the urban schools have been forced to spend much-needed resources on their uniformed police forces in order to combat parking-lot rip-offs and late-night muggings. The teachers' union movement has made great headway on community campuses. The largest unit in the American Federation of Teachers is in the community college faculty of the City University of New York.

Then there is the budget squeeze. Community colleges have suffered less than some sister institutions from the effects, because legislators recognize that institutions close to the grass roots also are close to the voters; they appreciate, too, that community college campuses have been reasonably free from demonstrations and violence—unlike those hotbeds of sedition, the universities—and that their primary emphasis is on teaching, not on research.

There are many community college policies to be ironed out. Should they become more like the four-year colleges or like the high schools? Community colleges have been denounced for trying to be all things to all men, and yet the Carnegie Commission has suggested that their future lies in being more comprehensive, not less. Frank Newman insists that despite their egalitarian pretensions, the community colleges remain part of an elaborate tracking system, with admission open largely to the non-academically oriented and graduates permanently consigned to the enlisted ranks of society. Newman also sees community colleges as becoming more like the four-year colleges, as faculty fugitives from academic retrenchment elsewhere find jobs on two-year campuses and try to "professionalize" them into more traditional schools. On the other hand, Arthur Cohen of ERIC forecasts that they will become more like urban high schools. "An institution that draws from a prescribed territory, offers a comprehensive curriculum, and accepts all comers—what does that sound like to you?" he asks rhetorically. "Some of them even have fences around them."

Whether they become more like high schools or, as is more likely, they continue to carve out their own special place in American higher education, the two-year public community colleges will serve an ever-growing proportion of students of all ages. As the community colleges' numbers grow, so will their potential: For the two-year college, open to all, remains one of the most democratic institutions in the nation. □

"Gimme an I. Gimme an N. Gimme an S-P-I. Gimme an R. Gimme an A. Gimme a T-I-O-N. INSPIRATION! INSPIRATION! Rah! Rah! Rah!"

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Carnegie and Newman: Higher Education in Traction

by David Mathews

Two major reports on American higher education have just been released. The Carnegie Commission, under Clark Kerr's direction, has concluded an investigation of nearly all the major educational issues of the last decade. And Frank Newman—Stanford's director of university relations, who is already known for a 1971 report advocating new, diverse educational enterprises—has published a notable new report, commissioned by the U.S. Department of Health, Education, and Welfare, on funding for post-secondary education.

The significance of the studies may not emerge so much in their bannered recommendations as it does between the lines of the two reports. In both, different as they are, there is the common and strong suggestion that we are drifting in a direction that will serve neither educational nor public interests well. To read the fine print is to sense that the whole educational enterprise is in serious peril of losing its ability to respond creatively to new problems—and opportunities—that are already on the horizon.

The Carnegie Report notes that the last several years have been lean ones for education, with crisis following crisis—student unrest, political reaction, financial distress, and, ultimately, a crisis of confidence. The greatest of those has been the loss of public confidence in educational institutions. That loss, in turn, has brought on a new era of controls and regulations, which threaten to bind the body of higher education in a Lilliputian nightmare of forms and formulas. The constraints emanate from various accrediting agencies, federal bureaucracies, and state boards, but their effects are the same: a diminishing of able leadership on the campuses, a loss of institutional autonomy, and a serious threat to diversity, creativity, and reform. Most seriously, that injection of more regulations may even work against the accountability it seeks to foster, because it so dangerously diffuses responsibility.

David Mathews is president of the University of Alabama and author of many articles in historical and educational journals.

The Carnegie Report makes that same point in a comparison of the colleges' plight with that of the railroads—an analogy not at all farfetched. Once the heartbeat of our economic growth, railroads, burdened by outdated practices and increasing controls, have become spent forces. Transportation grows; railroads decline. Today the obvious question is whether higher education, faced with bureaucratic over-control, will follow the railroads' pattern. In one sense, of course, the railroads are better off than the colleges. The energy crisis may soon pump new life into our rail transport systems, but who or what will put new life into higher education?

According to the Carnegie Report, education can best respond to this dilemma by clarifying purposes, defining priorities, and moving vigorously into a great era of institutional reforms. The report emphasizes these priorities: enhancement of quality and diversity, advancement of social justice, acceleration of constructive change, achievement of more effective governance, and development and better use of our resources. The aura of the report amounts to a revival of the Jeffersonian rationale for education, which is the idealistic notion that a more general diffusion of knowledge will yield a better social and political order.

The idealism of the Carnegie Report is appealing; it is the very idealism that has advanced education since the first days of the Republic. But because the report is idealistic, it runs squarely into a social-action reflex that now moves us away from grand visions—even from priorities. As the report observes, education's crisis of confidence is part of the pervasive crisis of pessimism that is hard upon all of this country. And in an era when hopefulness is out of fashion, the institutional forms of hopefulness—colleges and universities—are in for a particularly rough time.

With dreams and dreamers in disrepute (and with higher education threatening to consume 3.3 percent of the GNP), the "reasonable" thing to do is to treat education as a kind of public utility—to control and regulate it. It is not that wicked men are loose in the land; it is that we are all prone to respond to what the "times" demand. So it is that the Carnegie appeal to idealistic priorities is unhappily destined to be thwarted in an age of pervasive anti-idealism.

UPI
Clark Kerr—Director of the massive, six-year Carnegie Commission study.

THE NEWMAN REPORT, however, is quite another matter. The genius of Frank Newman's approach is summed up in this one line: "We will not find our future in some better rationale, certainly not in some better form of control; we will more likely find it in a return to the forces of the educational market, to the health of openness and competition." It would, of course, be an overstatement to say that Newman advocates Adam Smith while the Carnegie Commission relies on Jefferson. After all, the Carnegie Report does note the evils in using a public-utility model for education, and the Newman Report does recognize the necessity for "setting the ground rules" for education. But it is not inaccurate to say that Newman's appeal is to this nation's pragmatic instincts.

The Newman Report is significant because it comes from a group with bureaucratic backgrounds, speaks to the major control agency of education, and yet argues for more open competition and reliance on the educational market. Newman contends there is no historical evidence that centralization of any social service results in a more effective service. He even suggests that the federal government act as an anti-trust agent to challenge non-profit educational monopolies in the same way it combats profit-making conglomerates.

The conviction is that the public good is more likely to be served and that pub-

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lic direction is more likely to be accurately felt by a natural process rather than by some educational version of Phases I–IV. Educators may need rules of competition, but they need no sanctuary from the public, either imposed or elected.

Federal bureaus and accrediting agencies and state boards and legislative committees probably are here to stay. The essential task is to make certain that agencies and policies shaped during the last decade—in particular the last several tumultuous years—are appropriate to the strains of the Seventies and Eighties, which look to be fundamentally different from what we have known in the past quarter century. Structures that grew out of those experiences, attitudes that were shaped by those problems, must be reshaped to respond well to the coming years, which will be leaner and harsher, in which initiative, creativity, diversity—and even competition—may take on greater importance.

Neither Carnegie nor Newman talks about the educational process itself—what the structures and organizations and financing are for. The Carnegie decision not to deal with scholarly values has already been soundly criticized by Donald McDonald in the November/December 1973 issue of *The Center Magazine*. However, Carnegie chose not to deal with the matter, and the Newman task force had a very specific and different charge.

Criticizing a duck for not being a swan is a bit unfair. And yet the issues of ultimate purposes are inescapable. No wise decisions can be made about structure or control or power that do not derive from a prior examination of what will happen to the people who teach and the people who learn and the process of teaching and learning.

The fundamental question of what happens to students while they are in college is still with us. It is not a popular concern, because there have been, in the recent past, more than enough new students to take the places of those who failed. Only the attrition of the "culturally deprived" has brought some attention to a much-neglected issue. Beyond the particular issue of failure looms the broader question of the impact of college life on individuals, especially on the values they hold and the character (or at least habits) they form. That question has not had much serious consideration since the late Fifties. The matter of good teaching has had some revival, but the effort is often diluted by power issues—who evaluates teaching, what use is made of the evaluations—so that the concern pivots on evaluation and not on the improvement of instruction. Even more critical is the question of what we teach. What general knowledge is diffused, what "truth" is advanced, what views on truth are allowed—those basic issues have been seldom addressed, except in public outcry over bias. They have become obscured even in the academy by questions of method.

What kind of people we will be, what kind of truth we will live by, and, ultimately, what kind of society we will have—those are the questions describing the work that gives education its claim to public support.

In all, there appears to be a decided shift away from what might be described as the ancient humanist concerns that have been the origins of higher education to issues more political and economic. Or, to say it another way, the ultimate questions seem to have become worth less politically and economically. But even though ours may be a time, similar to the 1870s, when power and control are the principal issues, nevertheless this nation needs to look beyond questions of structure and regulation to more enduring issues.

The Carnegie and Newman reports naturally mirror their times. The image they reflect is education in traction, pulled from all directions and becoming immobilized. The inference is that it is time to move away from the old agitations that have led to regimens of more institutional controls. The insight is that there will be a special premium on educational creativity, but that it will flourish only in a more open market. And the lesson is that, even with two new grand designs published, we have yet to address the basic questions inherent in education.

In all, we need to keep in mind that in time we will reject our cynicism and the control it brings. We cannot live for long on skepticism, not because it is not justified, but because it cannot sustain us. To be ready for what follows is the work that waits. □

Appreciation and credit are due Ms. Myra Crawford Johnson, Ms. Joan North, and Dr. Robert McKenzie for diligent research and generous editing.

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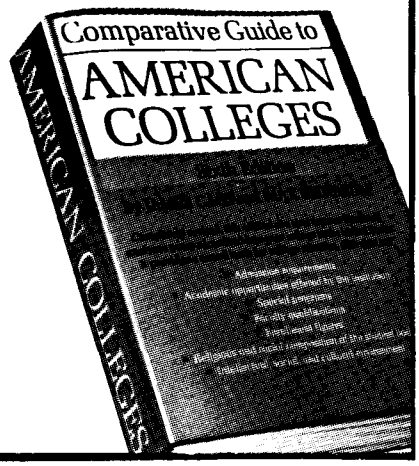

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SAT Scores: What Happened to the Best and the Brightest?

by Fred M. Hechinger

According to popular as well as psychological folklore, each new American generation is not only taller but also smarter than any of its predecessors. Thus it was not surprising that the monitors of the 1960s youth culture proclaimed adolescents of the era as the best and the brightest.

Against such a background, what is the country to make of the recent disclosure by the College Entrance Examination Board (CEEB) that high school students have been scoring steadily worse on the Scholastic Aptitude Tests (SATs) administered to most college applicants? The initial reaction to the news that the scores have been in a ten-year downhill slide is one of shock and disbelief.

The tests, which the Educational Testing Service at Princeton, New Jersey, administers for the CEEB, are the pride of objective testing. The separate scores for verbal and mathematical aptitude run from a low of 200 to a maximum of 800. In 1962–63 the mean scores had been 478 (verbal) and 502 (mathematical); in 1972–73 they were 445 and 481 respectively. Over one million students took the tests last year.

"At first, the news hit me square between the eyes," said Ernest L. Boyer, chancellor of the State University of New York. "The experts had told us not only that the kids were brighter and more sophisticated, but also that the difference constituted something like a quantum jump upward."

After the initial shock, however, Boyer and other observers began to raise questions—about the tests and the schools as much as about the youngsters. Even though none of the questions have as yet been satisfactorily answered, they are the beginning of an appraisal without which these startling statistics could be grossly misinterpreted and abused. For the anti-youth forces, who have been waiting for an opportunity to cut the kids down to size, the new statistics are an invitation to vindictiveness.

Because any hasty, unproven conclusion that "they don't make either the kids or the schools like they used to anymore" could set off another round of acrimonious controversy, a sensible reaction would be to raise some possible explanations for dispassionate discussion:

• *More is worse.* The dramatic increase in college applicants during the 1960s should have been expected to lower the scores, particularly since a greater proportion of the new candidates came from the lower socioeconomic sector. If James S. Coleman is right in saying that home background is the most important factor in school *achievement,* then it is more than likely that the environment would also affect a student's *aptitude.* Indeed, CEEB statistics also confirm that students from high-income families score higher on the SATs.

> "SAT scores have been in a ten-year downhill slide.... For anti-youth forces ... the new statistics are an invitation to vindictiveness."

Tempting as it is to accept the demographic logic of that explanation and to drop the matter, the answer turns out to be less than airtight. One informed CEEB source points out that the number of test takers actually had stabilized at about one million several years ago. Yet the decline in the scores continued. Clearly, other possible contributing factors must be considered.

• *The McLuhan generation.* The new generation's minds have been shaped far more by the electronic than by the print media. Children today see and hear more (and understand at least some of it at an often frighteningly early age), but they read less and have less time for reflection. After his first year of teaching English in a middle-class section of Brooklyn, a young man complained: "If I give them fifty pages of overnight reading, I have a revolution on my hands."

The other side of the coin was revealed in the sudden, startling comment by our own son when he was only five years old: "You're nicer than the average mummy." On investigation, it turned out that he had been a steady viewer of television's Yogi Bear, who "is smarter than the average bear."

High school students have grown up amid a steady onrush of national and international crises that call for sophisticated responses, and amid an equally steady decline in measurable norms of intellectual and social standards established by society and school. Such uncertainty makes it harder to answer objective questions.

• *Non-verbal classrooms.* The schools have adjusted to the new style by sacrificing much of the analytical part of learning to mere spontaneity. Under the onslaught of critics who consider all drill autocratic, teachers have moved away from parsing sentences, analyzing ideas, and preparing outlines. Modern language enrollment has declined sharply. Yet those are the activities that sharpen the talents that lead to high SAT scores.

In 1960 Dr. Albert Upton, professor of English at Whittier College, subjected 280 freshmen to a regimen of examining the relationship between "words and things." After eight months of such training, the students' I.Q.s had been raised by an average of ten-and-one-half points. SATs are related closely enough to I.Q. tests to make it quite likely that a decline in the schools' emphasis on the analytical skills may lower the scores of even bright and sophisticated students.

THE EASY WAY OUT would be simply to charge that the tests have not kept pace with a changing generation of youngsters. While that is probably true, it evades the real issue—how damaging a retreat from analytical, print-oriented schooling will be in the long run. The greater sophistication of the Now Generation, with instant experience and instant reaction, could be an enormous asset. But unless its experience is cross-fertilized with the deliberative and analytical skills of the pre-electronic age, that generation may go intellectually soft —all heart and little mind.

Nothing quite so alarming need yet be indicated by the decline in the SAT scores. The trend does not necessarily prove that the new generation is not as bright as its admirers had thought. But it does suggest that the alignment between students, schools, society, and tests may no longer be in balance. A simplistic response would be to fiddle with the tests; a more fruitful approach would be to try to learn more about the relationship between young people and the intellectual environment that dominates their education and indirectly affects their aptitudes. □

Fred M. Hechinger, former education editor and current member of the editorial board of The New York Times, *is writing a book about the history of American education, to be published by McGraw-Hill.*

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Light Refractions

by Thomas H. Middleton

Supple Stuff

I was inundated by mail in response to the column suggesting "enty?" as an American equivalent to the French *"n'est-ce pas?"* The letters are still coming in, though the flood has slowed to a trickle. (Incidentally, several letters said things like, "Perhaps you or one of your staff could. . . ." This might be as good a time as any to leak the fact that it's only me. No staff. That explains in part why too many letters that have me saying, "I've *got* to answer *that* one!" never get answered. It's always me against the deadlines, and the deadlines win.)

A surprising number of people said that they and/or family and friends have used "enty?" for years.

Many readers pointed out other regional equivalents for *"n'est-ce pas?"* or "enty?" I learned from several people that in Wisconsin "and so?" "ainna?" "enna?" "entso?" and "inso?" are common. In the Pennsylvania Dutch communities, a simple "ain't?" serves.

There are supporters and opponents of the Canadian "eh?" I feel uneasy with "eh?" It conjures up a codger with an ear trumpet saying, "Eh? What's that, young feller?" No doubt a throwback to the funnies of my youth.

By far the most frequently touted equivalent of "enty?" is "right?" Dozens of people questioned the need for "enty?" or anything else while the ubiquitous "right?" is already on the job.

"Right?" doesn't quite make it, I think. My own feeling is that it's graceless. I'm now aware that a great many people find "enty?" even more graceless, but "right?" to me is like a verbal elbow dug into the ribs.

There's also "no?" as an answer to the need for a *"n'est-ce pas?"* but "no?" for some reason speaks to me with a south-of-the-border accent: "I theenk your Chiquita has eyes for the Greengo, no?" Another throwback, I suppose, this time to the low-budget westerns of my youth.

My favorite is still "enty?" with "enna?" moving up fast on the inside.

I particularly liked the letter from Jake Lee, the noted aquarellist. Mr. Lee, like Dong Kingman, is American-born of Chinese parents. He starts his letter outrageously: "The opening words when a group gathers around a poker table are, 'Everybody enty?' "

Lee studied painting under Kingman. He continues, "Years ago when Dong Kingman lived in San Francisco, he used to stand around the corner of California and Montgomery Streets at 4:30 in the afternoon and watch the girls come out of the office buildings. As the wind picked up the skirts . . . Kingman would murmur, *'Fow goy.'* You see, Kingman can't whistle so he couldn't resort to the usual wolf call. *Fow* [rhymes with *wow*] *goy* literally means 'supple stuff.' I think the wolf whistle is a great American expression and should be incorporated into our language, but there is no spelling for a whistle. Since we are expanding our cultural exchange with China, why not trade a wolf whistle for *fow goy,* enty?"

Jake Lee is right: There is no spelling for a whistle. And the wolf whistle is a uniquely American expression, as far as I know. It's a remarkable phenomenon, really. It has a basic structure within which innumerable interpretations are possible, from a terse couple of blasts signifying simply "Hi, Babe!" to a sensuous paean of appreciation with insinuations of sultry evenings in Acapulco.

It's hard to imagine an American who doesn't know what a wolf whistle sounds like. It has its accepted form, and we all recognize it, whether it's performed by a masher or a myna.

I think, though, that the idea of a cultural exchange—wolf whistle for *fow goy*—is unworkable. For one thing, anyone standing on a Peking street corner whistling at earnest young socialist women wearing pajamas and absorbing the thoughts of Chairman Mao would almost certainly be deemed soft in the egg roll and banished to the boondocks and a life of digging irrigation ditches.

As for *fow goy* in the United States, I'm sure that would go over only in a place like San Francisco, where eccentrics are valued, and even there only if your parents were Chinese.

If you can't whistle, I think you'd do better to say something like "Wow!" (rhymes with *fow*) and, especially now that the joys of Yiddish are available to everyone, leave the *goy* out of it entirely, enty?

"How would you like to start at the top? We have an opening for a chairman of the board of a beleaguered and bankrupt railroad."

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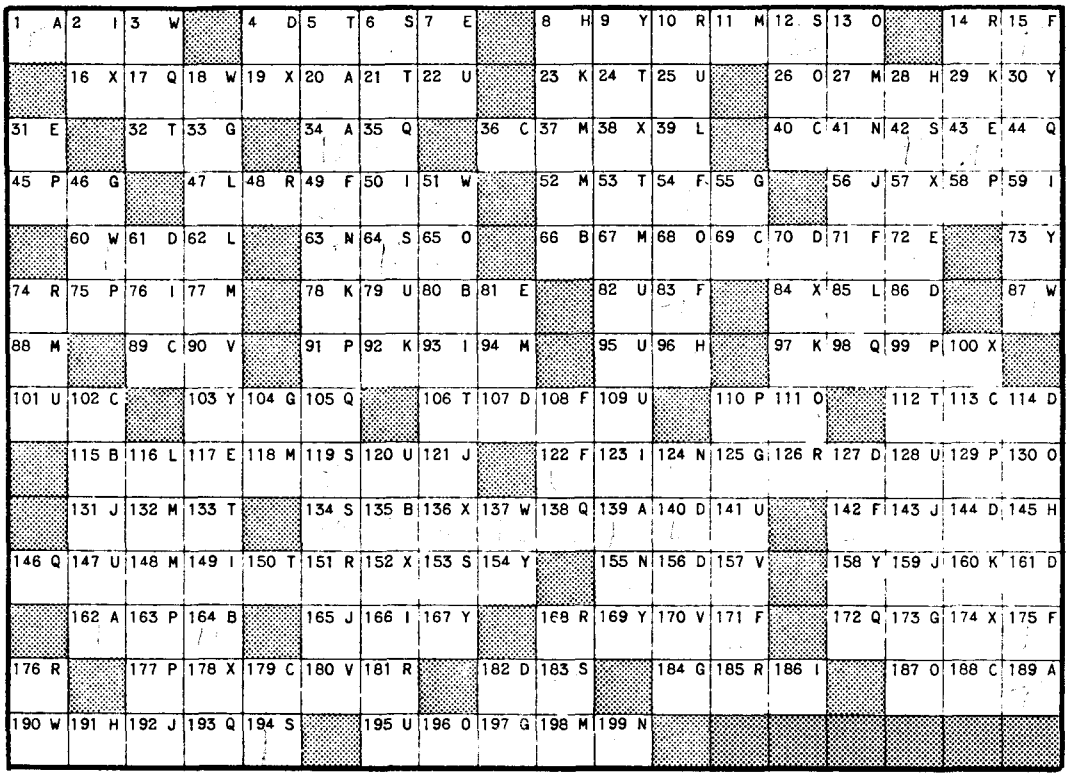
Double-Crostic No. 42

by Thomas H. Middleton



INSTRUCTIONS

If you've never solved one of these puzzles, it will probably look much more difficult than it actually is. If you can answer only a very few of the words correctly, you're on your way to solving the puzzle.

Fill in the numbered blanks of all the words you can guess, and write the letter of each numbered blank in its correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. The letters printed in the upper right-hand corners of the squares indicate from what word a particular square's letter comes.

The diagram, when filled in, should read as a quotation from a published work. The dark squares are the spaces between words. If there is no dark square at the end of a line, a word may carry over to the line below.

The first letter of each word, reading down, will spell the name of the author and the title of the work from which the quotation is taken.

You should find yourself seeing words and phrases taking form in the diagram; so you can work back and forth, from words to diagram and from diagram to words, until the diagram is filled in.

CLUES	WORDS
A. Fluttered, as eyelashes	139 162 189 1 20 34
B. Summoned by calling the name repeatedly	66 80 115 135 164
C. Small-scale miner; prospector	179 188 36 40 69 89 102 113
D. Taro (comp.)	114 140 156 127 161 182 61 70 86 107 144 4
E. Simple shelter (comp.)	7 31 43 72 81 117
F. Thankless	122 171 49 54 71 83 108 15 142 175
G. So long (comp.)	197 33 46 55 104 125 173 184
H. Places	8 145 191 28 96
I. City of south Ontario, known as Berlin until 1916	59 76 93 149 2 50 123 166 186
J. Extending, stretching wide, as an open, deep space	121 131 56 143 159 192 165
K. Jerk	29 78 92 97 160 23
L. First-magnitude star in Centaurus	39 47 62 85 116
M. Legendary king of Athens who had tails of serpents for legs	148 11 27 77 94 198 52 88 132 37 67 118

CLUES	WORDS
N. Offstage Beckett character	155 199 124 41 63
O. Fragrant	68 111 130 196 26 65 187 13
P. American playwright, short-story writer, novelist; author of *Lucy Crown* (full name)	45 58 91 129 163 177 75 99 110
Q. Penetrating perfume from a menthaceous East Indian plant	146 193 44 172 98 35 17 105 138
R. Free from acids, salts, or impurities by washing	168 176 185 48 10 14 126 151 74 181
S. Cruel	64 153 6 42 134 194 12 119 183
T. Gum resin used in medicine as a carminative and anti-spasmodic	24 21 53 106 5 32 150 133 112
U. Welsh character actor who worked in many Hollywood films, including *The Spiral Staircase* (full name)	147 79 141 22 101 82 109 120 95 128 195 25
V. Refuse to consent to	180 170 157 90
W. Wandering; not fixed	3 51 137 60 87 190 18
X. Deliberate extension of time for meeting a production quota (comp.)	16 100 136 178 152 19 84 57 174 38
Y. Proceeded; advanced	167 158 103 169 9 30 73 154

Answer to *Double-Crostic No. 41* appears on page 46.

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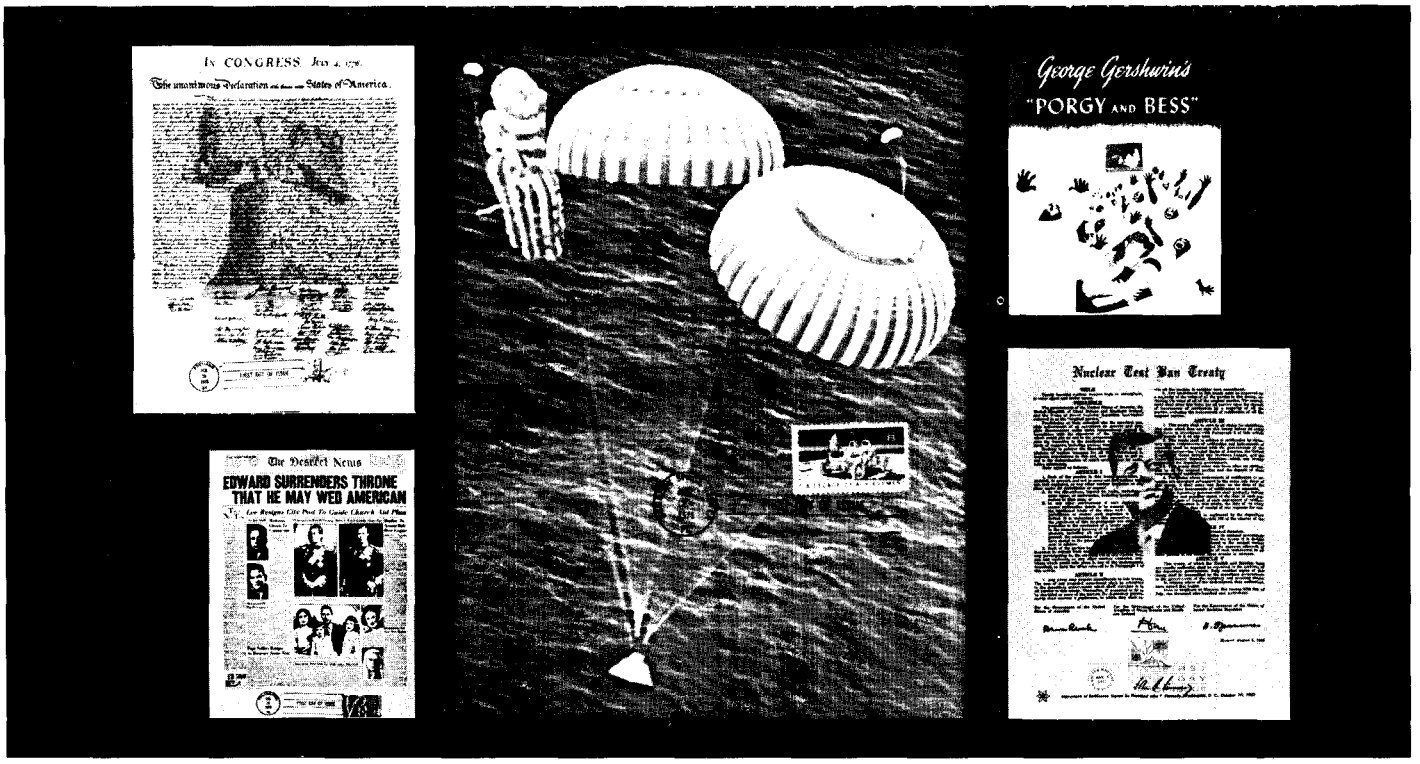

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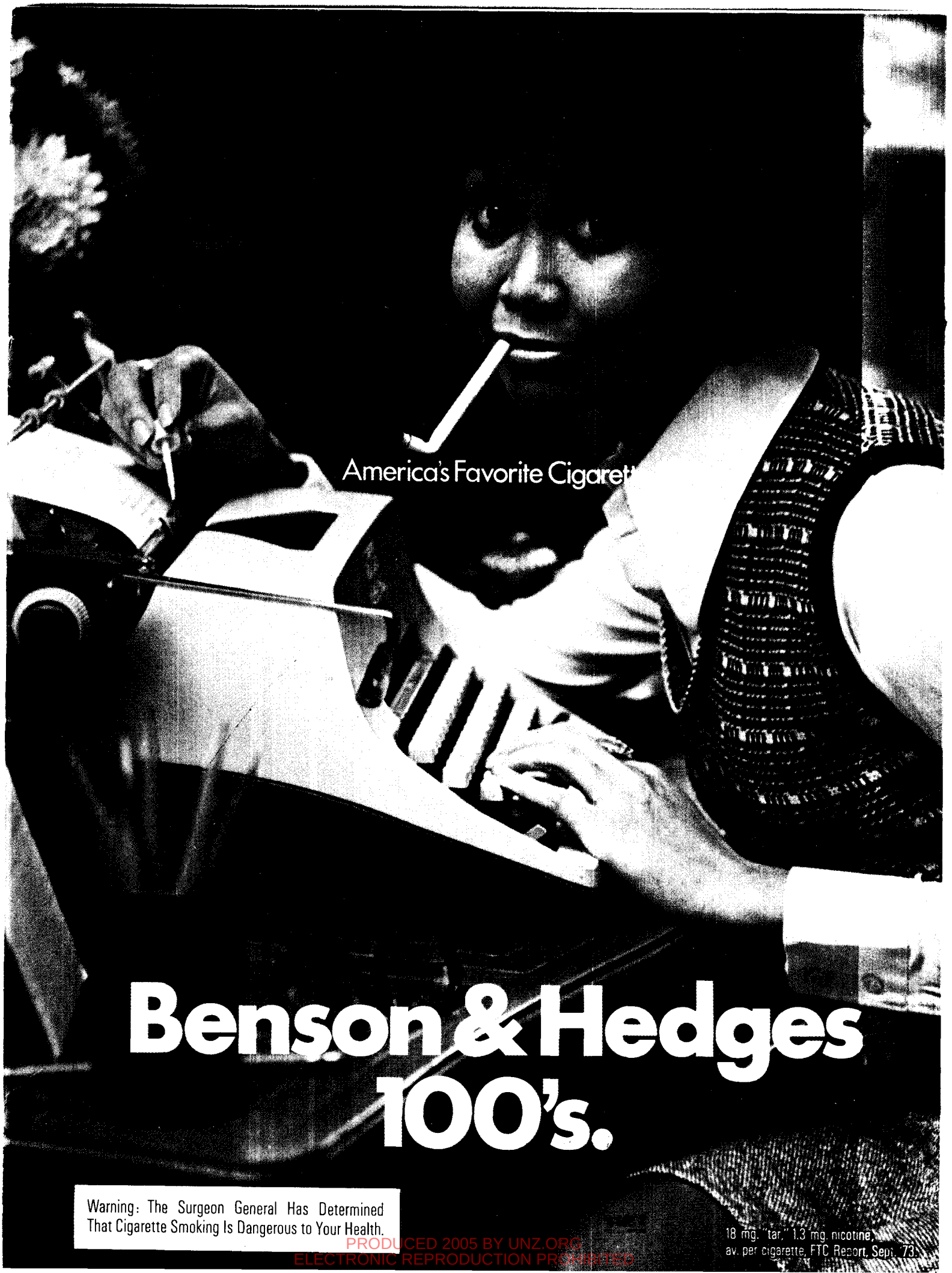
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